J
DEC 20 1949
PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

The New Statesman and Nation, December 3, 1949

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 978. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] **SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1949** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	633
A WISE CHANGE OF PLAN	636
THE FUTURE OF GERMANY	636
DEATH AT MELISSA. By Basil Davidson	637
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic.	638
MR. ATTLEE'S SECRET. By Sagittarius	638
THIS ENGLAND	639
STEEL TOWN—II. By Mervyn Jones	639
SCOTTISH COVENANT. By Neil McCallum	640
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	640
AUSTRALIA VOTES	641
GOD IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By R. M. Rilke	641
TOURISTS IN THE CATHEDRAL. By Edward Hyams	642
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Ballet. By John Richardson	643
Francis Bacon. By Patrick Heron	643
Radio Notes. By Michael Innes	644
The Movies. By William Whitebait	644
New Music. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	644
CORRESPONDENCE	646
From Abdul Krim; Sir Geoffrey Mander; John Seymour; Frank Beswick, M.P.; J. Swann; Sylvia Martin; and Morley Richards.	
CHRISTMAS BOOKS	649
Reviews by Giles Romilly; Arthur Marshall; Maurice Richardson; Geoffrey Taylor; Alan Ross; Alexander Werth; Benedict Nicolson; Angus Wilson; T. C. Worsley; Naomi Lewis; and Myfanwy Piper.	Page
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	665
REVIEWS:	
Westminster and Washington. By Norman MacKenzie	666
New Novels. By Antonia White	666
A Portuguese Traveller. By M. Ramsbotham	668
Architecture and Ideas. By Marcus Whiffen	670
Frontiers of Mind and Life. By Bernard Gutteridge	670
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By E. Sackville West	671
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	672
CHESS. By Assiac	674

BLACK AND WHITE IN AFRICA

IN its discussions on South-West Africa this week, the Trusteeship Committee of the United Nations has acquitted itself well. Against the opposition of the colonial Powers—especially deplorable in the case of Britain—it decided, first, to give a hearing to the Rev. Michael Scott, the courageous champion of the Herero tribesmen; and it then adopted, by a three-to-one majority, an Indian resolution calling upon the Union Government to resume the submission of reports to the Committee on its administration of the area. So far as the Natives of South-West Africa are concerned, Mr. Scott's may be a barren victory. Dr. Malan is the man in possession, and he has made it plain that, if the General Assembly endorses the Committee's resolution and votes for the application of a properly supervised trusteeship system to the territory, he will not brook this "interference". As moral sanctions are the only weapon at Uno's disposal, Dr. Malan seems likely to remain master in his own annexe.

This particular issue, however, is subsidiary to the main problem of British policy in Africa. The Union, under its present Nationalist Government, may be heading, beyond our power to control, for racial war; but this does not mean that the Labour Government in Britain should deviate one inch from its duty to protect, wherever it can, the Native peoples from White exploitation. Dr. Malan is demanding the incorporation in the Union of the three British Protectorates, Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland. These territories are among the few colonial areas which we rule, not by virtue of conquest, but because their people appealed to us to defend them from the harsh lordship of the Boers. It should be made plain, beyond all possible misunderstanding, that —regardless of Union threats to secede in retaliation from the Commonwealth—we shall in no circumstances surrender these Protectorates to a State in which the subjection of Africans is the primary assumption of government.

Next, the British Government should state unmistakably that it will veto absolutely the plan for a federalised "Central Africa" incorporating the Rhodesias, Nyasaland and Northern Bechuanaland, which Sir Godfrey Huggins, the Rhodesian Prime Minister, is indefatigably advocating. We can be under no delusions as to the aims behind that plan. Southern Rhodesia has already passed into law colour discriminations which the British Government should have disallowed, but did not. Cheap labour for a "benevolent" White aristocracy is the target at which Sir Godfrey Huggins, with his plausible phrases about a "Middle Dominion", has set his sights. Britain can be no party to such a scheme if it is to retain a shred of its prestige in Black Africa.

Already much dirty water has flowed under the Whitehall bridges since a Tory Colonial Secretary, in 1923, asserted the doctrine of the paramountcy of Native interests. In 1945, "paramountcy" became "refusal to subordinate the interests of either community for those of the other"; and, after his visit to East and Central Africa last summer, Mr. Creech Jones sought the best of both worlds in expressing the hope that, in White settlement, there was no reason why European interests should conflict with African interests, which it was the duty of H.M. Government to safeguard. African suspicions, that the doctrine of paramountcy is being gradually whittled away, will be increased by the British delegate's vote in the Trusteeship Committee this week, and by the hostile reception in Whitehall last summer of the report of the Committee's Mission to Tanganyika, where British administration came in for sharp criticism.

There may be substance in British complaints that, whereas the Mandatory Commission of the League was an expert and comparatively non-partisan body whose recommendations commanded respect, the Trusteeship Committee has been used occasionally as a forum for anti-British propaganda; and the Labour Government can claim that, though it has failed to stand firm in face of pressure from White settlers in East Africa, it has made great efforts to advance the economic welfare, the education and even the political responsibility of the Native people in territories under Colonial Office administration. The development of Africa presents many complex problems; to guide the various colonial territories towards self-government is no easy task. But the majority, headed by India, which voted against Britain in the Michael Scott affair this week was no cluster of Soviet satellites; it uttered a warning which Mr. Creech Jones should certainly take to heart. He should lose no time in reaffirming the doctrine that Native interests are paramount, and that we shall not tolerate any further encroachments of Native rights either in the High Commissioner's territories or in the areas of Central Africa.

The Troubles in Nigeria

In view of the urgent need of placing our administration in Africa beyond suspicion, it is satisfactory that at least no time has been lost in dispatching a Commission to investigate the causes and circumstances of the disturbances in Nigeria. There is much that requires elucidation. So far as can be judged from press reports and the meagre official communiques, the troubles started as a result of dismissals by the management of the Enugu coalmine, where there is said to have been a wave of absenteeism and "go-slow" tactics

on the part of the Native workers. Mr. Creech Jones has denied that there was "a normal breakdown in labour relations" as a result of a disputed wage claim; other reports suggest that the miners were demanding, and had been refused, a wage of 5s 10d a day. However this may be, it was apparently decided, as a matter of precaution, to remove the explosives from the mine. According to the official account, one of the lorries removing the explosives was attacked by the workers, and the police fired, causing considerable casualties. The inflamatory nature of the Nigerian situation is shown by the fact that the shooting at Enugu, where the Native miners appear still to be in occupation of the colliery, was followed swiftly by rioting in Aba, Port Harcourt, and Onitsha. In these places, too, the police fired and either killed or wounded numbers of the crowds. The Governor has declared a state of emergency and imposed a press censorship—justified officially on the ground that newspapers had not been adopting "a responsible attitude" but had been trying to "inflame the feelings of the public." The link which thus appears to exist between a local industrial dispute, violent police action and an outburst of outraged Nationalism is clearly a matter for a Commission to probe.

Film Costs

Although the Gater Committee was unable to make a thorough investigation of film production costs—since it had no power to secure details of "front office" expenses, which may run to as much as thirty per cent. of overhead costs—its report is still illuminating. It reveals that "extravagance" has gone beyond "all reasonable bounds," that it has not been eliminated by recent economies, and that there is gross muddle and inefficiency throughout the whole industry. Labour-management relations are bad, and both sides tend to blame each other for high costs. The workers stress high "front office" expenses, poor planning and waste in sets and properties. The producers, in turn, complain about studio rents, higher wages and shorter hours, "a decline in the team spirit," and the Unions' "restrictive practices." But no one who looks at the wage standards set out in an appendix to the Report will feel that the workers are overpaid by normal standards. There is a case against too much insistence upon inter-Union demarcation and some Union rules which may lead to "featherbedding," though these are defences against precisely the kind of shut-down that is now occurring. Whatever the causes of the trouble in the film industry, and they are multiple and complex, it is clearly working badly when each camera day is yielding an average of little more than one minute of screen time. The Gater Report, in spite of its admitted inadequacies, contains a good deal of useful information and some sensible suggestions, which Mr. Wilson should study carefully, together with the forthcoming Plant Report on distribution. Before long, he should have at least the statistical basis of a new film policy.

The Railway Deficit

The heavy prospective deficit of the Transport Commission comes as no surprise; for it was clearly foreshadowed when the Commission presented its Report earlier in the year. The plain fact is that the railways, with charges up by only 55 per cent. on the pre-war level, with costs up by considerably more than twice as much, with a great deal of obsolete equipment, and with a heavy burden of capital charges, cannot possibly pay their way, and that, until the new co-ordinated arrangements with other forms of transport have been put into effect, and new schedules of charges worked out in connection with them, the Commission cannot hope to achieve an overall balance for all its undertakings treated as a single group. In principle, there is a good case for subsidising the railways, either directly or by relieving them of some of their capital charges; but this is not easy to do at present, or until the full plans of co-ordination have been put into effect. In any case, it seems reasonable to increase such charges as can be raised with benefit to the revenue, and to let passenger fares stay where they are, because raising them would only lead to an unthinkable further division of traffic to crowded roads and road vehicles. The price of railway transport to the user has risen much less than that of any other important industry, and railway costs would have risen even more than they have were it not for the continuance of unsatisfactory wage-rates at the bottom levels. The low-paid grades have a strong case for an advance; and, even at the new level of charges, railway transport will remain much cheaper, in relation to pre-war prices, than almost anything else that is not definitely subsidised.

Communists in Congress

The Communist Party, at its Liverpool Congress, did not make any important policy changes. But all the main speeches, including that delivered on Mr. Pollitt's behalf, emphasised the need for the Party membership to digest the changes already made and to be more energetic in pursuing the Party's policy. It is clear that a considerable group in the C.P. has been hesitant to recognise that it is "dealing with the most experienced capitalist class and the most treacherous and cunning Social-Democrats in the world." Some have become apathetic; others have been reluctant to come out sharply against the Labour Government. At this Congress, however, the line was toughened. Mr. Pollitt's report made it clear that the C.P. is going to fight the wage-freeze, the Labour Government's "betrayal of Socialism," and its "servile participation in American war-mongering." The British Communists, moreover, will do their bit against Tito. With the demands for increased trade with the U.S.S.R., for more and better nationalisation, and for cuts in armament expenditure, others who are in no sense fellow-travellers will agree. But there will not be any working unity here with the Communists. The rest of their policy is too much their own—and the Cominform's—to permit collaboration with the "so-called Lefts," who came in for round after round of abuse. But because the C.P. is having a difficult time just now, it would be foolish to underestimate its appeal if living costs and unemployment rise. A good part of its programme would then make sense, at least to the militant workers.

Commodity Clearing-House

The F.A.O. scheme for disposing of farm-surpluses by the device of an International Commodity Clearing-House was doomed from the start. Even the United States, for which it might have seemed a plausible way of emptying the bins, rejected it from the outset. The soft-and-hard currency pool equivalent to $5,000 millions had to be primed, and America was not ready to do it because "the proposal would cut clean across international trade and fiscal policies." Mr. Harold Wilson, leading the British delegation, exposed the obvious weakness of the scheme—that no country in balance of payment difficulties could commit itself to accumulating further debts in its own currency on the assumption that it would one day become convertible, and no trading country could agree to a system of buying in blocked currencies goods which could be sold for dollars. All that the proposal (now condemned to a fate-worse-than-death in a "working-party") has served to do has been to point up a paradox: the surplus of food remains; the need remains; farmers may be ruined because they have produced enough food; the poor may starve because they have insufficient food; and the international trade and fiscal policies can satisfy neither.

Atomic Inspection

Mr. Vyshinsky has further clarified Russia's proposal on inspection; he has made it clear that "periodic" inspection does not mean waiting for the U.S.S.R. to invite the inspectors, but inspection as and when the control organisation insists. That makes as much or as little sense as "continuous inspection" might mean in a country as vast as Russia, but it might be taken as a token of good intent and, with the Baruch Plan irredeemably foundered, be a raft worth grasping. There indeed are signs that sensible Americans, after the hysterical nonsense which followed the disclosure that Russia had the bomb, are beginning to realise that the changed situation is not necessarily any worse and may indeed be better. They are beginning to question the basis of the Baruch Plan, which looked, to well-meaning Americans, such a handsome gesture when it was *their* bomb they were talking about. They are beginning to thumb the dog-eared proceedings of the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission and to find, if not virtue, at least realism in the Russian case; and they are beginning to recognise that there was less than frankness in the American offers. When (they are now asking) did we offer a time-limit for the destruction of the stockpile, in the event of the Russians accepting control and inspection? Meanwhile, their own chickens are coming home to roost. Lilienthal, that liberal-minded long-suffering chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, baited and abused in a Senate Committee because (ironically, in terms of the bomb) his was the only socialised sector of the American economy, has thrown in his hand. President Truman will be hard put to it to find his successor and may lose the civil commission to the military. Lilienthal, claustrophobic through secrecy, wants public freedom to speak his mind. Perhaps he will be as frank as Professor Szillard, the nuclear physicist (Hungarian-born) who first urged Roosevelt to undertake the researches on the bomb. Mr. Szillard has roundly declared that the Russian possession of the atomic bomb makes nonsense of the Atlantic Pact, and in a masterly analysis in *The Bulletin of the U.S. Atomic Scientists* has insisted on the right of Western European countries to claim a defensive neutrality and not to be the bases or springboards for either side.

Natural Gasworks

The decision to try an experiment in gasifying coal underground, announced by the Minister of Fuel and Power, is more significant than the event itself. Nothing may come from the efforts at Kellmarsh, between Sheffield and Chesterfield, where the first borings will be sunk, the coal ignited by incendiary bomb, and the gases from the burning seam drawn off to drive gas turbines on the surface. The idea is not new. It was tried in this country over half a century ago; it has been in operation for a long time in the Donetz coalfield in the U.S.S.R.; it has been tried in Belgium and in Alabama, without conclusively convincing results. It has been argued in the past that the possibilities here are very limited because of the existing workings, the porous nature of, and possible leakage from, the surrounding strata, and the dangers of the underground fires extending. What is significant is that this is

a combined operation between three nationalised industries—coal, gas and electricity. The country was surveyed to find a suitable site, with that freedom of choice which would have been impossible before our coalfields became common property. The combined resources of scientific and technical experience will go into this outsize laboratory experiment. If it succeeds, its application will still be limited by the geology and the character of British mine workings. But it shows the kind of enterprise we are entitled to expect from the National Coal Board, the scientific side of which, overshadowed since vesting day by the paramount demands of production by existing methods, is now beginning to assert itself. The Central Research Laboratory at Stoke Orchard in Gloucestershire, which will serve all the coalfields, is now trying out lively new ideas. In addition, there are the Area laboratories handling the day-to-day problems of the pits and the kindred organisations, the Fuel Research Station of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and the Coal Utilisation Research Laboratory. It is to be hoped that this aspect of the Board's work will get the enlightened support it needs. Production ingenuity may coax more coal for fewer men out of the pits, but through the N.C.B. we can nationalise the unborn industries which exist in coal.

"Setting Up a New Government Department"

The British Institute of Management has just issued under the above title a fascinating booklet, priced at half a crown, and written admirably by Mr. H. V. Rhodes. This is an account of what happened when the new Ministry of National Insurance was set up to administer the entire range of social security services, old and new. The Ministry had not only to take over large existing staffs from the Ministries of Labour and Health and smaller staffs from several other Government departments, but also to bring in a big contingent of employees from the superseded Approved Societies and to recruit a still larger body of newcomers from other sources. It had further to change over from the old, unconcerted schemes to a new comprehensive scheme, without interruption of day-to-day services, and to set up a unified system of records covering the greater part of the population. This booklet tells the story of the Ministry's remarkable achievement, in face of appalling difficulties over suitable buildings and living accommodation as well as over staffing, and of not a little problem in fusing the varying traditions of the separate departments and agencies into a workable common practice. Incidentally, it is a story of highly successful handling of complex human relations, by the fullest use of techniques of joint consultation under the inspection of a Minister who understands people and sympathises with their human troubles. The Ministry has already a staff of 36,000, half permanent and half temporary: and that has meant dealing with many thousands of individual problems of status, location and function. It is a grand story, and also a most valuable study in the technique of large-scale administration and mobility of labour in response to national needs.

Canada After Devaluation

Canada, writes an Ottawa correspondent, has not yet felt the full effects of her ten per cent. devaluation, but some results are already apparent. The farmers, apart from those who sell cattle to the U.S., have been hit by the change, since they get the same prices in Canada for their produce but have to pay more for machinery and fertiliser. Food prices will go up to the consumer this winter, perhaps as much as five per cent., since many fruits and foodstuffs are imported from the U.S. This increase will be felt the more as the Government has permitted rent increases ranging up to twenty per cent. on present levels, in spite of protests from Trade Unions and tenants. Canada spent $1,800 millions in the U.S. last year, out of an import total of $2,600 millions. Though Canada may be able to switch some hard coal purchases from America to Britain, she must continue to buy large quantities of oil from the U.S. until the new Alberta fields come into full production. Since Canadian industry is closely integrated with American products, especially in spare parts for cars and machinery and in engineering standards, there are limits to the possible switch to British sources, though new British cars may continue to do reasonably well, and there is a chance that new factories could be equipped by this country. Textiles are the British product with the best prospects, provided that British manufacturers are able and willing to meet Canadian market requirements—of which the 36-inch rather than 27-inch material widths is but one example. A great increase in purchases of Empire products, such as sugar, rubber, tin and platinum is unlikely. Canadian exports, apart from necessities such as wheat, may suffer from shortages of both Canadian and U.S. dollars among possible customers, especially in Latin America, and Canadian devaluation was not sufficiently drastic to help in such markets.

The Right to Allege

Our leading article on the Hadlow case has elicited few letters worth publishing. One correspondent accuses us of displaying the attitude which we took to "Jew murderers who assassinated Englishmen"; another said he had given up all belief in us because the assertions in a letter had not been substantiated. Mr. Beswick, M.P., whose letter we print, makes an important point. He argues that we weakened our own very strong case by making comparisons with the *Sunday Express* and defending its right to make allegations against officials of nationalised industries even though these allegations were unsubstantiated. Mr. Beswick feels that the *Sunday Express* has behaved very shabbily in view of the Minister of Supply's categoric denial of its charges; and if his account of the facts is correct, then the editor of the *Sunday Express* has committed the sort of offence with which it was envisaged that the Press Council should deal. But this does not affect our argument that, whatever the behaviour of an editor when his charges have been investigated, the freedom of the press involves the right to make allegations which cannot be fully substantiated before they are printed. What matters is that this freedom should be used responsibly. The editor must weigh the issue whether it is in the public interest that the allegations should be made; and, if the allegations are contained in a letter, he must confirm the *bona fides* of the correspondent. If they come from one of his own reporters and appear in the news columns, he is also responsible for checking the facts as far as possible. Finally, if the allegations are answered, he must give the answer proper prominence in his paper. We do not pretend that this freedom is not often and flagrantly abused in the British Press. But for this politicians of all parties must bear some part of the blame. They are much too inclined to encourage the press in abusing its freedom, so long as it is making allegations which suit their book, only to denounce the "irresponsibility of Fleet Street" when the allegations are not to their liking.

PARLIAMENT: Datganoliad Seneddol

Wednesday.

THE friendly match, Wales *versus* the Government, has now become annual. Not that many Welshmen would not like to introduce a little more keenness into their Day. But the debate is on the Adjournment, which means that they can't talk about matters involving legislation; and as legislation for a Welsh Parliament is something that they dearly desire, they must either inhibit themselves in their speeches, or, like Professor Gruffydd, let out a last-sentence cry for self-government and sit down quickly.

A few visiting Welshmen in the Gallery were less respectful of the Rules of Order. Hardly had Jim Griffiths begun his speech when a Welsh Republican (not a Welsh Nationalist, it must be asserted) started to throw pamphlets, and to invite the Minister imperatively to return to Wales. This interruption, and later ones, had no effect except to increase the output of the Gallery Attendants. Without pausing, Jim Griffiths went on to deal with the White Paper on Wales, a progress report of achievement. From then on, with the rarest intermission of English voices, the House was charmed with cadences which, whether heard in a wadi or in Westminster, never fail to evoke nostalgia in anyone born in Wales.

The debate itself was, by its nature, discursive, though it didn't merit Clement Davies' description of "ineffective." A day for Wales can no more give a complete opportunity for criticism and remedy than would a day for England. That is the argument for devolution. *Datganoliad Seneddol i Gymru*, which the Labour Member, S. O. Davies, advanced in a short but striking speech with the support of the Liberal, Emrys Roberts. Yet many of the major questions referred to in the White Paper—the coal industry, full employment and the location of new factories—affect the whole of Britain, and have often been discussed under different heads. Labour Members like Cove and Mainwaring refused to exchange the solid advantages of Labour's general policy for the illusory benefits of an undefined separatism advocated, in particular, by some Liberals.

Since Members asked such varied questions on subjects ranging from hydro-electricity to the right of an English doctor to discourage the use of Welsh, not a Minister but the Front Bench would have been required to answer them fully. One of the day's best speeches came from Goronwy Roberts, of Caernarvonshire, who confined himself to two main themes—the condition of agriculture and of the slate industry in Wales. By his restraint, he brought the debate into focus so that Members felt, "Here is a Welsh problem, not a lament, to which the Government must specifically address itself."

Few speakers had anything good to say about the Council for Wales; they treated it rather like an unwanted baby laid on the Welsh doorstep by the Lord President of the Council. Lady Megan Lloyd-George and Professor Gruffydd both felt that at ten-months old it ought at least to squeal and look human. And indeed, if the Labour Government had to base its achievement in Wales on the performance of the Council, its case would have been less firm than it was.

But Jim Callaghan, one of the Cardiff Members, blowing the flame which Liberal melancholy had almost extinguished, pointed to the bright future which the Government and the Labour Members of the Welsh constituencies had helped to bring to Wales. It was a reply to the wraith-like promise of Price White that a Tory Government would appoint a Minister for Wales. Not even the benevolent presence of Eden during part of the Welsh Debate will convince the Welsh electorate that the Tories will occupy themselves better with Welsh affairs in future than they have in the past.

The debate on the Married Women (Anticipation) Bill revived an argument in which the Tories did not have much heart. Harvey repeated that the Bill intended to provide thousands for the Mountbattens, the Attorney General that it released the little woman from the cold clutch of the grave. Between the conflicting charges of demagogy, Marlowe said the public was so clear about the content of the Bill that one correspondent had asked him to make it applicable to spinsters too.

MAURICE EDELMAN

A WISE CHANGE OF PLAN

THE Labour Party's decision to substitute the formula of "mutualisation" for nationalisation in dealing with the problem of insurance has neatly spiked the most powerful of its opponents' electoral guns. The insurance companies had already begun an expensive and well-planned advertising campaign, designed to give the impression to millions of policy holders that their bonuses were in danger. Nearer polling day, this theme would have been repeated *fortissimo* by every Tory candidate and newspaper. Something like the Post Office Savings scare of 1931 could easily have been built up, and it might even have had as decisive an effect on the floating vote. No doubt the attempt will still be made. But it is unlikely to influence many voters, now that the declared policy of the Labour Party is to compel the profit-making insurance companies to adopt the well-established practice of dozens of "Mutual" Societies, which distribute their profits to the "with profit" policy holders instead of distributing part of them as dividends.

Granted the very considerable electoral advantages of "mutualisation," does it involve a retreat or a surrender of Socialist principle? Here much depends on the details, as yet unpublished, of the National Executive's plan. The case for the nationalisation of "The Pearl and The Pru" was twofold. In the first place, it was hoped that great economies could be made in the overheads of industrial insurance, and that many of the abuses which were noted in the Beveridge Report could be eliminated. In the second place, nationalisation of the main insurance companies would give to a Labour Government a measure of control of the gilt-edged security market, the necessity for which was never clearer than in the period since devaluation.

In the ten months, however, since the policy of nationalisation was adopted, three unforeseen difficulties have arisen. In the first place, the chances of making any rapid reduction in the overheads of industrial insurance were ruled out by the wholesale assurances given by Mr. Griffiths to the agents. If every agent was to feel completely secure in his job, how were the economies to be realised which Lord Beveridge expected to achieve? It was also clear that outright nationalisation would involve the Government, or the new public Corporation, in part-ownership of a medley of industrial and other assets; and the present rate of bonus could only be maintained if the investment policy of the new Board proved as profitable as that of private enterprise. After its experience in manning up other national Boards, could the Government be sure that it had the personnel available for a Socialist investment policy? Lastly, there was the embarrassing problem of the Labour Party's relations with the Co-operative Movement, which not only resented the nationalisation of the Co-operative Insurance Society, but also felt that it was time for the Labour Party to base some of its Socialist practice on Co-operative principle.

Quite apart, therefore, from electoral considerations, there were formidable technical objections to the proposals for nationalisation put forward in *Labour Believes in Britain*. These objections in themselves were quite sufficient to persuade the National Executive to accept "mutualisation" as an improvement on its earlier plans. Much, of course, will depend on the nature of the machinery devised for controlling the investment policy of the big firms. Provided this is covered adequately, "mutualisation," so far from signalling any retreat, may prove to mark a positive advance in Socialist thinking. It was high time that the Labour movement realised that socialisation and nationalisation are not synonymous terms; and that the philosophy of co-operation has at least as much to contribute to a Socialist society as that of centralised State ownership.

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

THE importance of international agreements often lies less in what they say than in what they imply in terms of changed relations between the parties. This is eminently true of the Petersberg Protocol. Its provisions include the virtual cessation of dismantling, enlarged scope for German shipbuilders, restoration of German consular representation abroad, and the entry of the West German Republic into the Council of Europe, O.E.E.C., the Ruhr Authority and the Military Security Board. These are important concessions; but even more significant is the new role which the Protocol implicitly grants to Western Germany in world affairs.

The primary objective is "the incorporation of the Federal Republic . . . into a peaceful and stable European community of nations." Comforting words: but what do they mean? Reading them, we cannot help recalling what has happened under Marshall Aid during the past two years of "cold war" between the United States and the Soviet Union. During these years, much has been said about the economic integration of Western Europe, but little has happened. On the other hand, defence planning under American leadership, which was kept in the background when the Marshall Plan was launched, has gone hurriedly ahead, though there is little enough to show for it in terms of actual military strength. Is Western Germany's development destined to follow the same course, despite Dr. Adenauer's affirmations of Germany's pacifism and Mr. Louis Johnson's categorical denials that there is any "intention or plan" for the rearmament of Germany? Shall we see Western Germany gradually integrated into Atlantic defence plans, until the day comes when denial of an army to the Republic becomes absurd?

The disclaimers of any intention to rearm Western Germany are obviously meant to allay fears on this score, and also to strengthen the belief that Allied armies of occupation will remain on German soil to bear the double burden of policing Western Germany and repelling invasion from the East. But, in terms of practical politics—American as well as European—for how long can military occupation be maintained on a significant scale? And, when occupation forces are either withdrawn or reduced to token units, will it suit Western strategists to abandon the line of the Elbe and so leave the Ruhr defenceless?

We raise these questions, not because we are opposed to the restoration of the German economy, but because we keenly dislike the way in which its revival, long overdue, is being accomplished. When we read that "the Federal Government is firmly determined to eradicate all traces of Nazidom from German life and institutions, and to prevent the revival of totalitarianism in this or any other form," and that "it will seek to liberalise the structure of government and to exclude authoritarianism," our feeling of satisfaction at these expressions of good intention is tempered by the knowledge that in the minds of many Germans beside Dr. Adenauer, "totalitarianism in any form" means Socialism as well as Nazism or Communism, and the exclusion of "authoritarianism" the rejection of any sort of economic planning. German recovery means that German industry will be re-developed on national lines, with the aid of American capital, as a fresh stronghold of "free" enterprise.

When the Americans talk about economic integration, what they all too often mean is the inclusion of countries in a common currency area within which the devil is free to take the hindmost. To plan either production or trade on supra-national lines is regarded as intolerable "discrimination" against economic freedom. This being so, it is all too clear that the exclusive integration of Western Germany (revived on the lines at present projected) into Western Europe would be a disaster for Great Britain. The only hope of escape from the present economic crisis, which overhangs both Britain and Western Europe as a whole, is that "integration" should mean the concerted planning of production and trade within the ambit, not only of the Continent and its colonial dependencies, but of the British Commonwealth and the rest of the sterling area.

In this form of integration, Western Germany should clearly play an important part. Its precondition, however, is that it must be built, if not on Socialist foundations, at any rate on policies of constructive planning infinitely remote from what is acceptable either to the present Bonn, Belgian or Italian Governments, or to the French Radicals, or the groups which now control the international economic outlook of the United States. There can be no doubt that, with Dr. Adenauer in office, any extensive American investment in Western Germany, whether made directly or with French participation, would greatly strengthen the forces in Europe making for a complete domination of the entire Western area by capitalist influences.

It is easier to point out these dangers than to suggest a remedy for them in face of the grave setbacks which Western European Social-Democracy has undergone—partly through our fault in failing to help our Socialist allies on the Continent when their chances were good, and, still more, through our failure to nationalise the Ruhr industries. The best, perhaps the only hope of reversing the present ominous trend is that progressive opinion in the United States may ultimately exercise the same influence on American foreign policy as it already has on President Truman's attitude in home affairs. Unhappily, the word "liberal" in the United States means nearly the opposite to its meaning in Western Europe, where it has become the chosen title of the extreme forms of economic reaction. American "liberals" have to be persuaded that their real allies in Europe are the Social-Democrats, who agree with them in advocating the principles of the Welfare State. There ought to be much closer contact between American "liberals" and British and other Western European Socialists, in order both to create better mutual understanding and to bring American foreign economic policy more into line with Mr. Truman's Fair Deal.

Until this has been achieved, Great Britain will be bound to go warily in accepting plans for European integration which are really plans against planning. They can have only one result—the emergence of Germany as a formidable competitor in the world market and very soon as the dominant and rearmed partner in a Franco-German alliance.

What then should be the British attitude to

the Petersberg Protocol? In the long run the only solution of the problem of Germany is to make it part of a unified Europe. This involves a working agreement between East and West—scarcely imaginable without a preliminary Franco-British entente. The Foreign Secretary has the right instinct about the Germans, but so far he has failed to base any coherent policy upon it. It is still not too late to do so. If the French Cabinet has a strong dislike for austerity, its feelings about the Germans are even stronger. Granted a choice between British planning and German domination of Europe, even those Frenchmen who detest the idea of Socialism might accept its application in Germany.

We should therefore centre our attention on the Ruhr Authority and be prepared to select personnel for it of outstanding prestige and ability. For here is the one point in Europe where planning can be made immediately effective. In accepting the Petersberg Protocol last Saturday, the French Assembly made an explicit reservation in favour of the "internationalisation of the heavy industries of the Ruhr." It would be folly to dismiss this as an impracticable phrase. Phrases can be given reality by men who know what they really want. There is no reason why France and Britain should not build the Ruhr Authority into a real and effective *European* authority in Germany—and achieve acceptance by the State Department of their plans—provided that Mr. Bevin can assure France that Britain will collaborate wholeheartedly in preventing German rearmament.

DEATH AT MELISSA

[This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the peasant revolt in Southern Italy.]

THESE past weeks in Italy have witnessed strange things. In the four great provinces of the South—in Puglie, Lucania, Campania, and Calabria—and now in Sicily, the legions of landless peasantry have once more brought out their banners and their red flags, hoisted only on occasions dear or desperate, and gone forth on mules or on their feet to occupy and cultivate the hills and valleys of the *latifondi*. Tens of thousands of peasants have occupied or are now occupying tens of thousands of acres of soil and scrub long abandoned by the counts and barons of the South to rough shooting or to swamp and semi-desert. Whole villages have moved. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of mule-drawn ploughs are pressing through land which has lain idle since long before the war. Men, women, and children are digging and hoeing as if for their dear lives, because the season is already late, and sowing must be now or not at all. For who knows whether they may still be able to take the land next Spring? After nightfall, when most of the workers have trudged the long miles back to their hilltop villages, guards remain upon the taken land to see that the servants of the landowners do not come and root up the seed.

Peasant occupation of the vast estates of the South has gone on, more or less legally, since soon after the end of the war. It began in Calabria on a small scale in 1945, and grew in the next two years, only to meet, in 1948, with strengthened resistance by the landowners, who, with the Government firmly behind them after the Demochristian victory last year, proceeded to evict the peasants again. These evictions began to be applied, a few weeks ago, to land which the Government had previously decreed should pass to the peasants (but which the peasants, in fact, had had to take). The evictions might have continued. Instead, they have given rise to a new and vaster wave of peasant agitation. The turning point came on October 30, when 13 peasants were shot down by the police at Fragalà, near the Calabrian village of Melissa. What happened there will be entered in the history books.

Like most of the inland villages of Calabria, Melissa is an outcrop of vaguely habitable stone erupted fortress-wise upon the summit of a tall rock. These villages—Strongoli, Ciró, Rocca di Neto, Melissa, Scarfizzi degli Albanesi, where the descendants of ancient settlers from across the Adriatic still talk Albanian—were built thus in medieval times, or before, as a guard against surprise. There are no farms in the Northern sense. The landowners live in towns, far away, or in Rome, and the peasants live in villages; otherwise the land is void of humanity. From the distance these villages are little more than paler shadows on the chiaroscuro of the landscape; at night they are clusters of yellow lanterns, flickering and remote, above the valleys through which the train plods on its journey across Italy.

Romance takes flight with closer acquaintance. I reached Melissa after a motor drive across bad roads for two hours from Crotone (itself 14 hours by train from Rome). It is a foul village, fouler by far—because more closely packed—than anything I saw in Bosnia during the war. A road of sorts leads into the village from above; below and beyond there is no road for another ten miles. About 3,400 peasants, all but a handful without land, crowd upon each other in this amalgamation of pig sty and cesspit. Flies were everywhere on a cool November day. The people looked, and were, near starvation. I saw the holes from which the wounded and the dead in the police shooting had come; they were fit for pigs.

Around, and on every hand, there lies the land of the Baron Berlingieri and the Baron Galluccio, whose seventeenth-century *palazzi* in Crotone I also saw. Some of it is rented to peasants who can pay, part of it to *industrianti* (middle-class entrepreneurs with enough capital to farm extensively), but much of it abandoned to weeds and erosion. Hunger goes hand-in-hand with tight-fisted feudalism. In the Crotonese, for instance, 47 landowners (and, 15 of them predominate have 51 per cent. of the land; another 126 (mainly *industrianti*) have 27 per cent.; and 10,306 peasant families have 22 per cent. A mass of peasants have no land at all. The Baron Berlingieri is said to have 44,000 acres in Calabria and the Basilicata alone.

In the case of Melissa—the turning point, as it was to prove—the peasants began to be evicted at the end of October. A group was working at Fragalà on Sunday afternoon, October 30, when they saw police approaching from above. They were about 150 men and women, some of the latter with their babies and smaller children. They told me that they clapped the police because they thought that anyone must be pleased to see this land, barren for more than ten years, fresh and clean again beneath the plough. The police, they said, came down towards them shouting for them to "put down their arms." As they had no arms, they merely stood still. Late that night, long after dark, they were still gathering their dead and wounded.

Then there is the official version. Pending a departmental inquiry of the kind known as "usual" in Italy, the local authorities in Calabria cling together in saying that the peasants of Melissa attacked the police whom they thus "provoked to a reaction." This, at any rate, is what they told me in Catanzaro, the county town, two weeks later. According to the *capo di gabinetto* of the Prefect at Catanzaro, the peasants threw "at least two grenades and fired one pistol shot"; according to the Prefect himself, they threw "some grenades and fired a rifle shot." I was unable to find any wounded policemen, but was assured that several had been "slightly wounded." The Government in Rome is more cautious. "It seems," Mr. Colombo, the Under-Secretary for Agriculture, told me, "that there were grenades."

All that is as it may be. What is certain, meanwhile, is that 13 peasants were shot down, and that three of them are dead. I visited four severe casualties in the nearest hospital, at Crotone on the Ionian Coast, and saw that they were wounded by bullets fired from behind—fired, that is, while they were running away. And it is common to both stories that the police began by throwing tear-gas bombs, and followed up with sub-machine-gun volleys. The peasants I talked to, and members of the Italian Parliament who interviewed them a day or so after the event, are solid that they were "armed" exclusively with forks and spades, and probability seems to lie heavily with this account.

The official version, after all, requires one to believe that a disordered mass of labouring peasants, encumbered with women and children, found it wise to stop work, and, without further ado, to throw "at least two grenades" uphill at police who, they knew, were heavily armed and much accustomed to use their arms. Even if one goes all the way with the authorities, it still remains to be explained why a strong force of military police, none of whom was more than scratched, proceeded thereupon to unloose a murderous fire upon peasants who were now running away. And what seems strange to a foreigner is that six peasants arrested by this posse of police at Fragalà are still in gaol, "pending inquiry," while no sanctions of any kind appear to have been taken against the police.

The "usual inquiry," no doubt, will have its usual end. That is now beside the point. The affair at Melissa has deeply shaken Italian opinion. In the South, it has set a match to the powder-train of peasant discontent. Rocked from their balance, the landowners of the Crotonese immediately conceded another 8,800 acres to the peasant co-operatives. But the seizure of the land was already spreading to new provinces. On November 13 it began in Sicily. On November 15, by now under heavy fire from the parties of the Left, the Government strove to catch up with events by announcing that about 100,000 acres of the Calabrian *latifondi* should pass to the peasants forthwith. The sum of 20,000 million lire was to be devoted to this "land reform"—the first that the Demochristians, with their hands forced, have ever got beyond the paper stage.

Without generous capital improvement, never forthcoming in the past, the *latifondi* cannot be made to yield more than the barest living for peasants accustomed to making do with a lump of bread and a handful of olives. But the barest living is still a living. The landless peasants may have no draught animals, no machinery, no money, and precious little skill. Somehow or other they have made this land, in the odd places I have seen it worked these last few days, look capable of bearing fruit. If God and the Government will let them, somehow the thing will be done. Not, as the authorities in Rome would have one believe, because they are "incited by the agents of the Kremlin"—although the Communists and Socialists are alone in pressing for concessions by the landowners—but because hunger and despair drive hard, and because the alternative is lingering death.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Cantanzaro, Calabria, November.

A LONDON DIARY

You've only to keep your eyes open to see that the Tories and their allies in the business world are spending immense sums on anti-Labour propaganda. Already, the Tory Party itself is spending a small fortune on posters, paid organisers, leaflets and so on. That is, doubtless, legitimate, though I should be interested to know who is paying Lord Woolton's pipers. It might be a good idea for Labour to include in its election manifesto a proposal to pass legislation compelling disclosure of campaign contributions of more, say, than ten pounds. The United States has a law of this kind. But Herbert Morrison is even more interested in the money that the sugar, cement and insurance companies have been spending to defend themselves from the threat of nationalisation. No one believes that these are non-party. They are aimed solely at Labour. Such slogans as "Tate Not State" or "Don't Mix Nationalisation With Cement," which every purchaser has, willy-nilly, to accept and pay for, are as much designed to win votes for the Tories as the scare about insurance bonuses. Now, I see, London is to be treated to a parade of cement slogans, painted on parts of a new kiln in transit to the South Coast. In the North-East, the transport companies have joined in the campaign. An Omnibus Passengers' Protection Association is putting up posters, threatening higher fares under State control, not only on the hoardings but also inside the buses. This Association has a paid organiser and office staff, and is enrolling members free at bus stops. I am sure all of us know other examples of this kind, such as those to which Sir Geoffrey Mander refers in a letter on a later page.

* * *

The issue is complicated. Presumably, a company which fears nationalisation is entitled to use its assets, if the shareholders approve, to bring its case before the public. Few would quarrel with the very discreet advertising by the steel industry. But where does one draw the line between stating a case and partisan propaganda? When Herbert Morrison asks whether the sugar and cement campaigns are legal, the question may be regarded as rhetorical. Election law does not clearly cover the point, and it might need a test case after the polls to define the law. This would take the form of an electoral petition claiming that a Tory candidate had not declared a proportion of the private companies' spending as part of his own electoral expenses. Much depends, of course, on whether the companies keep up their campaigns into the election period. But when does the election period begin? After the writs are issued? After nomination day? And if the companies decide that discretion is better than bull-headedness, will they withdraw all their posters and leaflets and paper bags? If we are to have new laws on the subject, it would be reasonable to require limited companies to raise political funds of this kind by a special levy on their shareholders. That is what the Trade Unions have had to do since the Act of 1913. The Tories always complain that the Unions are legally privileged; surely no Tory could grouse if private enterprise were put on a level of equality with the Unions?

* * *

We protest about executions and faked trials in Eastern Europe and Greece. Where the police State is Communist it is, of course, always news. A correspondent in a position to know asks why so little appears in the British press about Spanish political persecution. There have been releases from prison, offset by a corresponding number of arrests. The figure of political prisoners is never less than 100,000. The *garotte*, a most horrible method of execution, which was formerly used in Spain only, I am told, for violent criminals, is now applied by Franco to "politicals." It is still true that anyone with any liberal sympathies may be considered a Communist. Examples given me are that hundreds of so-called Reds were arrested in the Basque country after the big strike in May, 1947; in early July, 1949, over a thousand 'suspects" were arrested; most of them, my correspondent says, are expected to die of privation in jail; few, according to precedent, will ever be tried. He mentions other incidents—six men recently shot at sight by the police in Barcelona, five condemned to death last month for subversive activities, and so forth. By way of helping to explain the world's silence about the Franco regime he quotes an American official who said to him:

> For the moment, the less Spain is discussed in the French, British and American press, the better. We want Franco's Spain in to complete the Atlantic Pact, but public opinion isn't ripe —yet. Bevin and Acheson are agreed to let things rip for a while yet and, when it comes to getting Franco over to our side, the first important shots in the campaign will have to be fired by Churchill. We reckon that, once the campaign starts, it should not take more than six months to have Franco as an Ally in the Atlantic Pact. Say, early in 1950. That gives us two years to make Spain into a base, which should be enough.

I should be more inclined to discount this as the irresponsible talk of an underling if I were not so often assured that the location of American bases in Spain is already well understood by the experts of the Pentagon, and if Mr. Churchill's last speech on Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons had not suggested that we send an Ambassador to Franco Spain.

* * *

Seventy-five year old Professor Gavril Tikhov, claims to be the founder of the Institute of Astro-Botany. While bourgeois astronomers are still interested in establishing beyond dispute that vegetation exists on Mars, Comrade Tikhov is already trying to adapt the frost-resisting plants there to Soviet Arctic agriculture. He says that he has discovered evergreens and deciduous plants on Mars and that this adaptation should have practical value to the U.S.S.R. Since his observations depend on the fact that green plants reflect infra-red rays—a fact well known to anyone who indulges in infra-red photography —it is difficult to see how he proposes to reproduce, botanically, such varieties from a remote planet. It would be extremely useful for Arctic development if it were known what the character of Martian plants really is, since in the course of a day the temperature ranges, even in the equatorial regions, from 50 degrees F. in the heat of the day to 130 degrees F. below zero at night. Moreover, it is known that the atmosphere is extremely rarified—Wells got this quite right; a man could jump three times as high and as far on Mars as on earth—with very little oxygen and water vapour, but, according to the latest observations, quite a lot of carbon dioxide. It has been generally assumed that the vegetation must be of lichen or moss types, purely superficial, which would account for the seasonal disappearance of what were once thought to be "seas" on the planet, but which are more likely to be tides of vegetation.

* * *

I recall a couplet from verses by Sagittarius at the time of Munich:

> This crisis won't shake England's nerves,
> It's playing hell with mine.

It seems that the "cold war" is having much the same effect on some Americans. Last week, on the eve of the annual Army-Navy football game, the officer cadets at West Point held a rally. They lit a huge fire, wangled a bomber from somewhere, which flew up and down the Hudson Valley followed by a searchlight beam, and shot off blanks from heavy guns. Within twenty minutes of the first explosions there were 1,200 'phone calls from local residents who believed (I quote the *New York Times*) "that West Point was being bombed and that a sneak attack like Pearl Harbour was aimed at the Hudson Valley." Before the night was out, about 3,000 people had rung up. This, of course, was not a panic on the scale of the 1938 "Invasion from Mars," when Orson Welles put on a radio version of H. G. Wells' book, and scared thousands of people into prayer, hysteria and frantic willmaking. But it shows what war neurosis does.

* * *

Journalists who were present at a press conference given in London last Saturday by American Senators who had just returned from a tour of Europe, all report that Senator Elbert Thomas, chairman of the Armed Forces Sub-Committee of the Senate Appropriation Committee, was very anxious to re-arm the Germans. In private the correspondents add that Mr. Thomas remarked that the Senators had been warmly welcomed everywhere and had been received by Royalty in Denmark and Sweden. A little later, to the astonishment of the correspondents, he said that he must amend his remarks because Sweden did not have a King or Queen. He must, he added, have meant Greece. After a further pause, he said: "I am now told there *is* a King in Sweden. But this is only second-hand information."

CRITIC

MR. ATTLEE'S SECRET

Mr. Attlee has a secret closely guarded,
  Its national importance is unique,
And Party operations are retarded
  While Mr. Attlee still declines to speak.
    The secret he is keeping
    With vigilance unsleeping,
Is threatened by no unofficial leak.

Mr. Attlee is witholding information,
  His secret he will not communicate,
Though many are demanding publication
  Release of an extremely vital date.
    The Opposition Press is
    Reduced to random guesses,
Concerning the top secret of the State.

"Tell Britain, Mr. Attlee," they are saying,
  "This reticence the people will confuse,
Nor will you help your future by delaying,
  For, frankly, there is nothing you can lose.
    The Gallup Polls are showing
    You're going, going, going,
And someone's here to step into your shoes."

But Mr. Attlee will not be stampeded,
  His calm resolve no threat can overwhelm,
The Opposition challenge falls unheeded,
  The Premier stands silent at the helm.
    All enterprises slow down
    Until he gives the low-down
But Attlee keeps the secret of the realm.

They're crying, "Tell the people, Mr. Attlee."
  But Mr. Attlee gives no heed to that;
Inspired predictions are refuted flatly,
  Though badgered, Mr. Atlee's standing pat.
    Defying all detection
    The date of the election
Is still kept under Mr. Attlee's hat.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Comrade—(See Property and Stealing). Bastards —(See Children).—Extracts from the index of British Army's Manual of Military Law. (E. A. Jones.)

As Big Ben struck nine o'clock last Sunday evening the thought uppermost in everyone's mind was, "Has Princess Elizabeth arrived safely at Malta?"—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (John Freeman.)

Two small girls asked the vicar of Northfleet (the Rev. A. E. M. Johnson) to name and bless their dolls. He did so—and now has received so many similar requests that he proposes to hold a special Sunday afternoon service at which he will deal with golliwogs and woolly dogs as well as dolls. —*News Chronicle*. (Mrs. K. W. Simpson.)

The average person in this country has no idea of the menace of Communism. The B.B.C. is not impartial in this matter for they have never given our point of view, only the Soviet point of view. —Lord Craigavon, President of Listeners' Assn., reported by *Manchester Guardian*. (P. A. W. Collins.)

Could not people who wish to speak to their fellow men without the formality of an introduction wear a badge to indicate their willingness?—Letter in *Sunday Express*. (P. A. D. Ephgrave.)

It does not seem to be generally realised that the placing of a policeman's helmet on the highest pinnacle of the House of Commons is a serious event.

As I see it, the purpose was to raise a symbol of the Police State and thereby to give visual warning to the electorate before it is too late.—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (C. Grosett.)

STEEL TOWN—II

By 1939, the old town of Corby had been pushed into the background, and Stephenson Way, with its well-built houses struggling through the smoke and smell of the nearby steel works, had come to represent Stage Two in Corby history—the stage of capitalist planning—and to stress the urgency of Stage Three. The Corby Urban District Council, on which Labour has 15 of the 16 seats, consists mainly of steelworkers. It has made housing its main task; and, granted that it has received priorities in materials, it has done a brilliant job of organisation. In the first post-war year, output was exactly one house. There was no labour. Now, contract labour has been drummed up from miles around, since full employment in steel rules out a direct labour force. One firm brings five coach-loads of workers daily from Leicester. Planning, enthusiasm, and a fine summer have rocketed the figures. Since the war ended, 830 houses have been occupied; another 500 should be ready by March, and 1,500 more by the end of 1951—excellent houses, the fittings good from sink to airing-cupboard, the paintwork not only good but artistic. These houses, Corby's most expensive, will rent at a guinea.

Corby, in fact, is an exciting place. Its common endeavour gives it a kind of Five Year Plan atmosphere—roads hurrying to keep up with the houses; streets with roadways but no pavements; houses already occupied before the doorstep is in place, so that the housewife wipes the mud off the morning milk bottle. There are streets without signs, and signs without streets. Where the bridge carrying Rockingham Road over the railway is being widened, a driver honked his horn to hustle a jam. A labourer shouted over his shoulder: "Have a smoke and we'll get the bridge finished" This kind of remark, in 1949, is too rare not to surprise the stranger.

But much more has to be done. The steel works has plans, approved as "in the national interest," for a big expansion. Though precise figures are avoided, this is likely to employ 4,000 new workers. To provide the necessary housing and the "facilities" of all sorts, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning has made a draft order designating Corby as a New Town. And here comes the surprise: the Corby Council has objected to the order.

The crux of the controversy between Ministry and Council is this: is Corby to continue to be a one-industry town? The evils of such a prospect are evident. Several inhabitants, plunging with keen feeling into the subject before I raised it, asked what becomes of a one-industry town in a slump, and answered their question by references to Jarrow and Merthyr Tydfil. Even in good times, a social balance is lacking, and a youngster who doesn't want to follow in father's footsteps has to leave home.

The Draft Order gives the New Town a population target of 40,000. It might seem at first glance that, if 5,500 workers mean a population of 14,000, then 9,500 workers would mean a population of about 25,000. But, if it is intended to house the several hundred workers now living in hostels and the 1,500 who travel to work from as far away as Peterborough—and the Ministry has made it plain that it does so intend—plus the new workers, plus the staffs needed for shops and service industries, who cannot all be steelworkers' wives, then it becomes clear that a population of 40,000 will only just take care of the expansion of Stewarts and Lloyds and leave almost no workers for other industries.

I was told that when Mr. Silkin visited Corby last February he expressed himself emphatically as favouring diversification and declared that the population to be aimed at was 100,000 to 120,000. The Council blinked, since their estimate is more like 70,000, but acquiesced. Since then, Mr. Silkin has had second thoughts and, one may conjecture, capital cuts. The memorandum accompanying the Draft Order promises a population of 40,000 and is most timid about diversification. It says that "it is hoped to introduce new industries to a limited degree," but seems to refer mainly to female employment, and goes on to recommend those who "for one reason or another do not work in the steel industry" to find jobs in "the adjoining urban centres." I should like to hear the comments of the queue for the Kettering bus on the word "adjoining."

The Council also objects to the area designated. It would exempt a corner which pushes the boundary up to the charming old village of Rockingham; once the village is touched, it will be engulfed. Councillors go on to accuse the Ministry of putting the cart before the horse in designating the New Town area before acting on mining applications now pending within that area. In one corner, quarrying is already going on; if this continues, and if some further applications are granted, the area will be too small to contain 40,000 people at the density accepted nowadays. What will happen then? Either the town will grow up cramped and overcrowded, with leisure space and parkland the first sufferers. Or it will be a long, straggling place divided into distinct sections by quarries and rail lines. In either case, this means new Stephenson Ways. But the present Stephenson Way is a better-than-average job by a profit-making company. The new Stephenson Ways will be worse-than-average jobs by town planners who ought to know better.

The question of space has added importance because of the way in which quarrying for iron has torn up the countryside for miles around. Where the ore is covered only by clay and can be reached with a dragline, the soil can be restored to productivity once the ore is worked out. But, where the ore lies beneath limestone, a "digger" or mechanical shovel is used to shear through stone and clay alike and heap them in a common pile. The land cannot now be restored at a cost of under £500 an acre, so it is given "hill and dale treatment"—a euphemism for leaving it as it is, looking like an assault course for a Brobdingnagian army, but covering it with trees. Quarrying could be done by dragline first and digger afterwards. But this would double the cost of extraction and hence of the ore, as well as wasting time. The opencast coal mines do this; but they run at a loss. Clearly, we cannot expect Stewarts and Lloyds to do it unless the Government decides that food-growing and amenity considerations justify delay and extra cost in steel production, and tell them so. This is just what a resolution from a Corby branch of the steelworkers' Union has urged. Despite some jeering at idle aesthetes and landowners who weep over the hindrance to fox-hunting, most Corby people are alive to the cheerless prospect of a town without parks and with nowhere to go for a Sunday walk except through the fenced avenues of afforestation projects.

So, says the Corby Council to the Ministry, if you want to perpetuate a one-industry town, with those seeking alternative jobs forced to go elsewhere, and with inadequate open spaces—as must be deduced from your ideas on population and area—all well and good. But don't call it a New Town, for these things are counter to the principles of the New Towns Act. Just call it an expansion of the existing town to accommodate Stewarts and Lloyds. And this limited job the Council can tackle without the intrusion of a Development Corporation, causing inevitable delays and competing for building labour with existing schemes. The present housing programme will bring the population up to 30,000 anyway; and the Council's regard for recreation space is attested by signboards reading "Proposed Site for Hotel" and "A Super Cinema and Entertainment Centre will be Erected on this Site."

It is quite likely that the Council has moved ahead of public opinion. The New Town idea has an instant appeal, and resistance to it elsewhere has been born of selfishness and snobbery. Even the dangers of the one-industry town are not universally realised. There is pride in steel, "our industry," and a feeling that, while full employment lasts—which at Corby means labour shortage—the establishment of other industries will merely make things more difficult. No move has yet been made to test opinion by a town meeting or ballot. In the Labour Party, which has the backing of the great majority of the people, there are known to be two views, and the opponents of the Councillors think they would win on a vote; but both sides are chary of bringing the disagreement into the open.

Everywhere, however, the uneasy feeling persists that the Ministry is thinking too much of the interests of the steel industry—which isn't nationalised yet, so let us say, frankly, the interests of Stewarts and Lloyds—and not enough of the interests of Corby people. There is no reason to think that the firm wants to keep other industries out of the town, or to limit the

population to the numbers catering to its own needs. But the size and balance of the town are matters of indifference to the directors of Stewarts and Lloyds (as directors, anyway), so long as they get the houses built for their own workers. So, if an unbalanced, one-industry town of Stephenson Ways is created, it will be said that it satisfies Stewarts and Lloyds but not the people.

Here is where Corby matters to the rest of us. The New Towns Act did not merely mean that a Ministry would decide which small towns to expand and fix their size. It meant that the expansion would take place in a planned way, with the interests of the old and new inhabitants the chief consideration. It meant that the New Towns, from every point of view—industrial balance, leisure facilities, siting of houses, park space—would be models for the future. It meant, in these towns at least, goodbye to streets that bring profits to industry but sick headaches and grimy washing to the people who live in them; goodbye to Stephenson Way. If the precedent is set that the Act's machinery can be used to expand towns on the old lines, it will be done more often, and real New Towns built more and more rarely. That is the way to whittle down one of Labour's brightest achievements; and there will be disappointment in other places beside Corby.

MERVYN JONES

SCOTTISH COVENANT

OCCASIONALLY the fog of conflicting verbiage lifts and one can glimpse a rough pattern in Scotland's internal politics. At the moment there are three points of interest, more or less precisely defined.

Firstly, the Labour Government no longer countenances talk of Home Rule, and it has refused a Commission of Inquiry into Scottish affairs. At the last annual meeting of the Scottish Council of the Labour Party the "Scottish question" was killed as a party matter. No one attempts to deny that this is a reversal of past policy. Scottish Socialists are to trim their sails to the London wind. The ship of State is a British entity and there is to be no mutinous grumbling amongst the crew. In any case, Mr. Arthur Woodburn believes that devolution has been achieved in the extended use of the Scottish Grand Committee and in the new Scottish Economic Conference.

Secondly, the Conservative Party is fishing cannily in troubled waters. It will not support anything that smacks of Home Rule; but its Glasgow conference this week went some way in the direction of further devolution. It would have two additional Ministers appointed to the Scottish Office, a Royal Commission set up to review Anglo-Scottish financial and economic relations, and separate Scottish executive authorities established for nationalised industries.

Finally, while the two major parties are on one side of the fence, there is a new gathering on the other. This is the third and most interesting factor—a new reform alliance in which the Communists are side by side with the great core of Scottish Whiggery.

On the last Saturday of October a meeting was convened in Edinburgh by Scottish Convention, a non-party organisation but of Liberal extraction. The meeting was the third of its kind, and was styled the Scottish National Assembly. It was composed of some six hundred delegates of local authorities, political parties, trade unions, churches, and so on. Though it was not representative of all such organisations in the country, it was a very fair sample of Scottish organised opinion outside the Socialist Party and the Conservative Party. Individual Socialist support was strong. The meeting was open to public and Press.

The meeting debated and then approved, with two dissentients, a Covenant drafted in the following terms:

> We, the people of Scotland who subscribe this Engagement, declare our belief that reform in the constitution of our country is necessary to secure good government in accordance with our Scottish traditions and to promote the spiritual and economic welfare of our nation.
>
> We affirm that the desire for such reform is both deep and widespread throughout the whole community, transcending all political differences and sectional interests, and we undertake to continue united in purpose for its achievement.
>
> With that end in view we solemnly enter into this Covenant whereby we pledge ourselves, in all loyalty to the Crown and within the framework of the United Kingdom, to do everything in our power to secure for Scotland a Parliament with adequate legislative authority in Scottish affairs.

Over a hundred thousand—no one is more specific—have signed the Covenant, copies of which are available throughout the country. Within a few yards of Princes Street there are premises open daily and business is brisk. The target is one million. The reservoir of Scots abroad, some four times the home population, is to be tapped.

Such a Covenant need not have any significance beyond some momentary interest to the signatories. It has not set the heather on fire; neither has it died a quick death. Its tenor is so mild that one might wonder how a burning purpose can be contained in such cautious phraseology. (One remembers the preamble to another Celtic document: "In the name of God and of the dead generations.") But the sober Covenant has been approved by sections of Scotland that have never before been able to find a common formula. It is the quiet pertinacity of the organisers that is impressive, and the almost casual way in which cloth caps and fur coats drop in to sign. The organisers are embarrassed by the number of offers of voluntary help.

The discussion at the "Assembly," prior to the acceptance of the Covenant, lasted during the morning and afternoon. It was orderly, well conducted, purposeful, and at times dull. There was a speech of civic welcome by Edinburgh's Lord Provost. The meeting opened with the National Anthem, progressed with the dry efficiency of a good committee, and (to make sure it was not misunderstood) emphasised in the Covenant its loyalty. It was a gathering of good-tempered people, earnest and donnish, anxious to be helpful in a friendly brains-trustish way. There was no stirring call to action, no emotional trappings of bagpipes and heather. The procedure was almost bald and bleak, as Andrew Lang described Scottish religion.

After the prototype Covenant had been signed, a few people hung about trying to assess what had happened, like stall-holders after a sale of work. Many dashed to the Waverley Station, aware that British Railways wait not on the birth of nations. The tea-shops claimed others. It was too early in the evening to seal achievement with a dram. John Knox, whose statue was in the forecourt, had seen to that.

The most spirited post-script to the meeting was provided by the Scottish Secretary. "This would appear to be the worst possible period in history," he said in a public statement the following day, "to announce to the world that there is any doubt about Scotland being united with England and Wales in the councils of the nation." These were strong words to hang on so decorous an occasion, or on a Covenant worded so cannily.

What is obvious, through the acceptance of the polite resolution, is that in the past the thunder of Scottish affairs has been stolen by a few extremists—Republicans, repealers, separatists. They were hardly heard at the meeting and their views were not entertained at all. The highest common factor of agreement was, in many ways, absurdly low in specific content.

On the other hand this new and quieter voice, less urgent in its demands, less imperious in its language, comes from people who are only now taking Home Rule seriously, or who for the first time have found a vehicle of expression of which they approve. Also, it is a new line for the Communist Party. A year ago, few would have predicted it, certainly not the Scottish Communists themselves. The Communist alliance with the bourgeoisie is more than a mere gesture: it is tactical on both sides, and on one at least it is serious.

NEIL MCCALLUM

Edinburgh.

SO THEY SAY . . .

THE press seems in general to have realised the issues of freedom involved in the case of "John Hadlow." With notable exceptions, Conservative newspapers have refrained from comment.

Daily Mail, November 25:—

> Sometimes even Left-wing journals get into trouble, as with the *New Statesman* over the case of "John Hadlow." We are glad to see that journal making a firm stand over an editor's right to publish, in good faith, a letter signed with a pseudonym, and to refuse to disclose its source.

Spectator, November 25:—

> [The Home Secretary's statement] that to attack the police's conduct while refusing to give evidence before a judicial inquiry was, to say the least, unhelpful was generally accepted by the House, with the exception of a few extremists, the burden of whose protests was in inverse ratio to their importance.

News Chronicle, November 25:—

> *A. J. Cummings*: Sympathy with editors is not widespread in the House of Commons. But there are enough M.P.s on both sides with experience of what Thackeray called the cushion full of thorns to appreciate the dilemma in which the editor of the *New Stateman* has lately found himself . . . How is an editor to check the facts in every correspondent's letter as well as assure himself of his good faith? It almost looks as if we shall have to agitate for a Press Council if only as a protection for well-behaved editors.

Tribune, November 25:—

> Is it true that an editor should never publish violent opinions or serious allegations anonymously, either in the general columns of his paper or in his correspondence columns? . . . Such a view, if generally accepted, would strike at an essential freedom of the press . . . If our modern Tories had had their way a great part of the most famous political literature in English history would never have seen the light of day.

News Chronicle, November 29:—

> How many of our Ministers have sufficient vision to see that one day they may have need of a vigilant Press just as they did in the years between the wars? . . . The attitude of some Conservative M.P.s to the "John Hadlow" case, and the suggestion that an editor should be forbidden to publish under a pen-name views which he sincerely believes to have been written by a responsible person, showed how easily the Labour Party could be hoist on its own petard . . .

Tough Going

Manchester Guardian, November 25:—

HIGHER MEAT PRICES FOR AUSTRALIA

An increase of a penny a pound in the Australian beef and veal prices which operated for 1948-9 is made under a new agreement reached with the Australian Government. The new prices apply for 1949-50 and 1950-51, and are operative from October 3. The experiment will be at the open-cast site at Newton Spinney, Killamarsh, between Sheffield and Chesterfield. It is hoped to start drilling about the middle of December . . .

"How I Did It"

Daily Express, November 28:—

I FIND THE SECRET OF "MOSCOW GOLD."

Express Foreign Editor, Rome . . .The most closely guarded secret of the Cominform. . . . how the Comunist Parties of Western Europe are financed—can be broken at last . . . every possible trade deal between the West and Eastern countries yields tribute to the party's war chest . . . the Italian Communist Party has taken a rake-off of £2,000,000 . . . [it] is the richest in the country.

News Chronicle, November 28:—

Rome—The Italian Communist Party has become the richest party in Italy, possibly in Europe, a high Government source revealed today. The source of the wealth is their virtual trade monopoly to Iron Curtain countires . . . with a net profit . . . of £2,000,000 . . .

AUSTRALIA VOTES

(By a Correspondent)

THE Labour Party has governed Australia for eight years. In seeking a renewed mandate from the Commonwealth's five million voters at the Federal election on December 10, the Party faces problems in many ways similar to those facing British Labour. In Australia, as in Britain, there have been outcries, backed by an almost unanimous anti-Labour press, against nationalisation proposals, calls for reduced taxation and speedier removals of war-time controls, accusations of "over-government" and of waste in social service expenditure.

At the outset of the election campaign, Communism and bank nationalisation seemed to be the chief issues, but in the past weeks another, more parochial question has arisen: petrol rationing. Mr. Menzies and his Liberal Party say they can abolish petrol rationing in Australia by obtaining increased supplies from sterling sources. A large Australian petroleum firm has supported this claim by announcing that it has 30,000 tons of French petrol ready for immediate shipment now, adding an assurance that future supplies from France and other sources, so far unnamed, will be available. The Government disputes these claims, and accuses the Liberals of electioneering; but petrol could be a serious issue for Mr. Chifley: petrol supplies have recently been chaotic, and this in a land where petrol is needed to keep life moving. Rationing abruptly ended last June, when the High Court declared the Government's rationing regulations illegal, but under State-government regulations a new rationing scheme has just started. The whole petrol question has damaged the Government, especially in the last month or two when stocks have dried up and motorists all over the country have had to queue for hours to get it—a gallon at a time.

Naturally Labour has tried to avoid making petrol an election issue, just as it wants to forget the Bank Bill, Communism and nationalisation generally. Dr. Evatt, the Attorney General and Foreign Minister, has pointed the way by naming full employment as the chief election issue. By "full employment," he said, the Government meant a job for every worker, while the Opposition's "maximum employment" meant a substantial degree of unemployment and a pool of unemployed workers. Evatt is on strong ground here because latest figures show only 873 workers to be receiving the dole.

Mr. Chifley's election speeches have contained no new announcement of policy. He has promised to abide by the Privy Council's decision upholding the High Court's rejection, on constitutional grounds, of the Bill to nationalise banking. The rejection, in fact, was received by Labour Ministers with a sigh of relief, for the Bill aroused more opposition than any other measure Labour has proposed since it took office in 1941. It caused swings against Labour in State elections, and, if Mr. Chifley had been able to proceed with the take-over of the banks, this would unquestionably have been the main issue on which the election would have been fought. The seriousness of this for the Government can be judged by the opposition to the Bill of the Roman Catholic Church, whose communicants are preponderant in the Labour Party.

It is certain that, whoever takes office at Canberra, social services will be expanded. For instance, the Liberals are promising to meet the widespread demand for the extension of child endowment to cover the first child. Since the war the Australian attitude to social services has changed; medium wage earners, who previously paid largely for benefits enjoyed by others, now want the benefits for themselves also. From all sides, including the T.U.C., demands have come for the abolition of the Means Test for Commonwealth pensions; but this could not be done without heavier taxation on medium income earners or, as the Liberals have suggested, by the introduction of a contributory scheme of national insurance. The Labour Party would like to introduce national superannuation, and might even create a social service tax to pay for this and other expansions of its welfare programme.

The Government, and Mr. Chifley particularly, gained great credit among "respectable" voters from its handling of the recent national coal strike. The strike raised anti-Communist feeling to a new peak and led to demands, from many quarters, for the banning of the Communist Party. This will be done by the Opposition, if elected: Mr. Menzies, in his policy speech, promised to "outlaw and dissolve" the Party. Mr. Chifley, however, remains steadfast in his refusal to outlaw Communism, even though a section of his own Party favours such action. He sees such a move as tantamount to splitting the Labour Party; and, when a split occurred in 1931, it put Labour into Opposition for ten years. Mr. Chifley may believe, not without some justification, that the coal strike did more harm to the Communist Party than it did to the nation.

Their crusade against Communism may gain votes for the Liberals; but another point in their policy—universal military and physical training—will lose them many. Australians are traditionally opposed to peace-time conscription in any shape. This has long been reflected in Labour's policy, and at present Mr. Chifley's supporters are dismissing conscription as a hindrance to production, and describing it as a costly failure in Britain.

The election has come at the right time for Labour in one respect: Mr. Chifley has been hoping to fight and win the election before the wages-prices spiral takes another upward turn following devaluation. In this, he will probably be luckier than Mr. Attlee. He can even look for some support if prices do rise further, as Labour's referendum request for permanent control over prices was rejected by the country. Prices even of the formerly stable items like rents and food have shot up since the States took over price control.

In the rural areas, which any party needs to win a Federal election, Mr. Chifley has made certain of strong support. His decision to maintain the Australian pound at the 25 per cent. discount rate in relation to sterling has kept export prices, particularly of primary produce, artificially high. There are weighty arguments for moving to parity with Britain as New Zealand did 16 months ago: Australia urgently needs imports, including capital equipment for factories, power stations, and irrigation works. But Mr. Chifley has rejected these arguments; he is mindful of rural votes which might go to the Country Party—traditional, though uneasy, ally of the Liberals.

The artificial prosperity, however, of the Australian grazier and farmer confronts Labour with a basic problem in the debased purchasing power of the Australian industrial worker. Since 1938-39, farmers' incomes have increased by 400 per cent, but industrial labour's share of the national income has fallen—and is still falling. In effect, the worker pays extra for staple foodstuffs in order to raise export prices—the reverse of the British situation, in which the worker buys the prime necessities of life more cheaply by the aid of Government subsidies. This rural prosperity is not even justified by an increase in employment on the land.

A big headache for all parties is the redistribution of electoral seats, which comes into operation at this election. The absurd situation whereby one quarter of the House of Representatives are Cabinet Ministers will be remedied by the redistribution, which increases membership of the Senate from 36 to 60, and that of the House of Representatives from 74 to 121. No one knows how voting will be affected by the change, as few divisions have escaped alterations in their boundaries. Most electorates have been reduced in size, and changes in the compositions of many of the safe Labour and Liberal seats may cause some startling results.

In consequence, election predictions are difficult; but if redistribution favours Labour, as is thought, then only a political landslide will defeat Mr. Chifley. As far as anyone can judge such a temper does not exist in Australia at present—though a Gallup Poll favours the Liberals. Admittedly, three of the four referendums held since 1946 to give the Federal Government increased powers have been carried against the Government; but it must be remembered that these are poor guides for electoral votes. Labour has also on its side the disunity of the two Opposition parties.

GOD IN THE MIDDLE AGES

They had saved him up within themselves
and they wanted him to *be* and judge,
and at last attached to him, like weights,
(to prevent his rise to Heaven)

their large cathedrals' mass and burden.
And above his boundless numbers
he was, pointing, merely to revolve
and to give direction like a clock
to their actions and their daily tasks.
But all at once he started moving fully,
and the people of the terror-stricken town,

frightened with his voice, allowed him
to go on, his clock-work all unhinged,
and fled before his dial.

R. M. RILKE

(Translated by Ruth Speirs)

TOURISTS IN THE CATHEDRAL

THE austere realism of Flaubert depicted, in the scene between Emma, Leon and the importunate *Suisse* in Rouen Cathedral, the total break in the continuity of Western culture which had occurred at the turn of the 19th century. At first reading, and even thereafter, one of the significances of the scene is not apparent; but dwelling upon that chilling episode brings growing surprise, discovery and delayed shock.

Emma, it will be recalled, makes a thin pretence of being interested in the Cathedral; she even prays. Clearly she is behaving like this for entirely personal reasons, and the place in which she finds herself has no influence on her. Leon is first bored and then irritated. Neither of them is impressed, moved or put into a special state of mind or spirit by their surroundings. And even the officious Swiss presents his Cathedral merely as an object of antiquarian interest, as he would have done had the place happened to be a museum or a synagogue. He has his tip to earn, and his *amour propre* is also involved.

In the whole scene there would, one realises, be not a shade of significant difference were it placed in one of the mosques visited by trippers, in the Parthenon or in a Dravidian or Aztec temple. There is no question of Flaubert having been wrong: infinitely painstaking, careful, *scientific*, he would certainly not have failed to notice any influence upon his characters which one of the most excellent temples of Western culture might have upon two of the heirs of that culture. In fact, it had no influence whatever: for Emma and Leon the Cathedral was a mere rendezvous, and they might as well have met in Lyons Corner House and been distracted from their problem by a waitress instead of a Swiss. In another mood they might have visited the Cathedral as sightseers. It would have had, for them, no particular meaning. Descendants of the corporate artist which, moved by a tremendous faith, had created this stone glory, they are, nevertheless, as much divided from that body, as unaware of the faith which inspired it, as a Hindu or a Chinese. And in this, unless one has read *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*, there is something inexpressibly surprising; and, unless one has read *A Study of History*, equally depressing. If the authorities of the day found it necessary to prosecute Flaubert for his influence on morals, it is a wonder they did not find, in the Cathedral scene, reason to prosecute him for a kind of High Treason.

In Canterbury Cathedral, if one goes there often enough, if one has time to sit through a choir practice or an organ practice, there comes into being within oneself a state of mind or spirit which makes it possible to understand a little of what Western culture meant when it was one body and built this and other churches. To look upwards into those soaring vaults of stone is to begin to regret something of enormous value which we have lost. Not religious faith, that is another matter, but what might be called secular oecumenicalism, the sense that all the European peoples were of one mind, the sense of belonging to a great society busy giving expression to a single conception of the macrocosm, distinguishable as a unique way of thought by comparison with the terms and symbols of the dead Hellenic world, or the living one of China or (at that date) Peru.

It is not a fair test to attend one or more services at the Cathedral, for then a special pressure is put upon one's sensibilities. The believing Christian is put into a special state of mind by receiving ministration to his beliefs. And the unbeliever, unless he be remarkably insensitive, is affected by the arrangement of words and music, however meaningless they may be to him; by his company; and by the skill of the priest in handling incomparably beautiful material. But without submitting to so powerful an influence, sitting in the Cathedral when there is no service, surrounded by hurrying ecclesiastics and vergers, by loafing tourists and parties of schoolchildren, shutting out this bustle and permitting the stones of the great building and the notes of Bach from the organ or plainsong from the practising choir to act upon one—by this method it is possible to enter upon a small portion of the Western heritage. And even to go into the Cathedral at all, with the imagination awake, is to desire that legacy.

It is presumably something like that desire which brings the tourists, but to watch them is painful: they are not quite Emma and Leon, since they have come to the Cathedral to see it, not to meet a lover. Nevertheless, to see them there, in surroundings which force, in their attitudes, glances and gestures, the admission that there is something of vital importance to real human beings which they have lost, lost long ago, and are aware, perhaps, of wanting, is alarming and shaming: they have the air, these tourists, of having been robbed. And one has the feeling of being somehow responsible.

There used to be a Jewish comedian, one of whose turns was to take-off a rabbi addressing the couple he has just married: *Three things happen to you in your life. You are born, you get married, and you die. You were born; now you are married. There is nothing left for you to do but to die.* The atrocious truth of this joke was first borne in on me in the streets of New York where, fascinated with horror, I wandered among the crowds for so long that I could hardly stand. These millions of people had no community. It is possible, in London or Paris, to fail to notice this: the historical associations of so many of the buildings and streets give a spurious but comforting impression of solidarity with a past, implying equal solidarity with a future. The outward signs of the supra-national Great Society are present, and the fact that the crowds are, in fact, as anarchic as those of New York is not so readily apparent. New York is wholly terrifying, the megapolitan capital of Graham-Greeneland. And the tourists in the Cathedral, tested by being brought into immediate proximity with one of the principal products of the great society to which they still, ostensibly, belong, are suddenly and clearly seen as the same people as those who hurry on secret, individual, anarchic business, in the streets of New York.

One need pay little attention to the foreign tourists because, having come from overseas to visit England, at considerable expense, they are, for the most part, collectors. Canterbury is another stamp for their album. And in the case of the Americans, eager and schoolboyish in their attitude to things new to them, another conker for their string: not a hundreder, perhaps . . . that would be the Taj Mahal; nor even a fiftier: that was when they stood as close as could be to Princess Elizabeth or Mr. Shaw. But at least a twentier. It is quite easy to distinguish the nationality of the tourists after a little practice. Those from the Dominions, for example, have a melancholy and very slightly resentful air, for which it is not easy to account; they behave, as a class, like a person who has attended the funeral of a distant relation for reasons of family solidarity, but who is beginning to doubt the validity of those reasons. The French are not impressed; they are, on the whole, bad foreign tourists in any country, with the appearance of being for ever about to raise their shoulders and eyebrows in a gesture of deprecation, only withheld out of cold politeness. They look slightly cheated: *Eh, quoi . . . c'est tout?* They are not, they are never, getting their money's worth. An exception can be made for the very young, who are always in fits of laughter, or standing in animated groups arguing about the rate of exchange with perfect good humour.

All these are interesting, but what can be learnt from them is not much to the point. Whereas our own tourists . . . what a sad spectacle they are. They have good manners and, though depressed and tired, admire where admiration is called for, exclaim where exclamation is in place. They are, as a rule, diffident and self-deprecating.

"'Scuse me O' man, w'ere's the Martyr's shrine?"

"There'll be a verger along in a minute."

"Ah, that's right, but we just missed 'im, see, an' we 'aven't a lot o' time."

That, of course, is the trouble: they haven't much time, none of the leisure of their ancestors, as Chaucer described them, coming to the same place. The motor coaches unload them by the thousand daily, leave them an hour or two to swallow ten centuries of ecclesiastical history and architectural statistics, and then bear them off again. The astonishing thing is that they do come: they have given up something to do it, a day on the beach or in the cinema. They have suppressed the children's eternal craving for ice-cream, and their own for cigarettes. Certainly they want something from the Cathedral, and the pity is that they certainly won't get what they want because it takes more than a couple of hours to acquire. They do not enjoy themselves; their feet hurt, and their minds probably hurt, too, buzzing with the mass of information which the guides have given them. It is with slow smiles of relief that they come blinking out into the strong sunlight of the green close. Why have they come on this pilgrimage?

Do they, for the most part, remember enough history to set them seeking, deliberately, for what the past had and they are conscious of not having? It is surely very doubtful. It is even doubtful whether they are aware, except in a restlessness, and a discontent which turn upon causes of annoyance having nothing to do with the underlying cause, of any major lack in their lives.

Chaucer's pilgrims came to the Cathedral to visit the Shrine of the Martyr, a Holy Place within a Holy Place. They thus affirmed their solidarity with the whole community of Christian souls, and they acquired merit. One of them, to take a single example, although her French would have been incomprehensible in Paris, would certainly have found herself perfectly at home in fifty convents from Flanders to Poland, in the same community as that of Stratford-at-Bow. But the descendants of these pilgrims are not in the same case: they are not only not at home everywhere in Europe; they are strangers everywhere in a hostile world, where the French are probably Communists, the Germans neo-Nazis, the Italians contemptible, the Poles impossibly remote and alien. It was Mr. Chamberlain who, in 1938, reassured us about our desertion of the Czechs by drawing attention to their alien remoteness. How representative he was! Christianity is a term which not only no longer has religious meaning: it has no meaning whatsoever.

We are in great good humour with ourselves because we now care for the welfare of the citizen at the public charge, just like Fourteenth-Century Peruvians. No doubt this is a solid achievement, this giving as much thought and attention and money to men as any careful farmer has always given to his cattle. It is not easy to see why this

is looked upon as a moral achievement, however: it is clearly a matter of economics, of common sense and good husbandry. It is merely imbecilic to neglect or maltreat a good milch cow, and those peoples who permit their citizens to do so in the name of personnel freedom are clearly condemning themselves to death. They are, in Toynbee's phrase, idolising an ephemeral institution. We shall have something to boast of when we stop exacting the last farthing of the cost of the most ordinary human care for our fellow-men by screaming at them to produce more, and more and more . . . produce for mother and the kids, produce for war savings, produce for a larger air force and more atom bombs, produce for more American films, African peanuts and Argentine beef, produce for more dollars. When we contrive a system whereby this harassed producer can stop producing occasionally, can forget the dollar, and can sit quietly for a week or a month in Canterbury Cathedral, or for that matter on the open downs above the city, and wonder what he is and what he is doing there, we shall have reason to be proud. We shall not do it, of course. The last chance was missed almost at the beginning of our career, when Gregory VII failed to impose the idea of the Christian Great Society on the Emperors and Princes, though he might have imposed it upon the people. We cannot break historical rules. But if we could . . . if we could, Western civilization would not be a twenty-second or twenty-third repetition of the tragic failure of Egypt and Akkad, but something new and something very splendid.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

BALLET

BALLET in a theatre, in a cinema, in a skating-rink. Ballet in Islington and Earl's Court; ballet in Hammersmith and Kilburn. Young ballet, old ballet, black ballet, French ballet, bad ballet, sad ballet. Whatever it is, wherever it is, the public laps it up. Only the critic who has to cover ever larger tracts of London gets tired of finding the same conventions at the end of every journey.

Middle-aged and successful, the Sadler's Wells, Ballet gathers in the rewards of a virtuous and industrious youth. Perhaps a bit complacent, a shade unadventurous, but still as solid as can be—what an asset in the face of much fashionable incompetence! Moreover, we can be sure that this level will be maintained; in the recruiting grounds of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet we have a guarantee that the foundations are being shored long before they sunder. At the moment these younger dancers are attracting more than their usual complement of attention, since the elder company is away in America. Twice a week—Tuesday evenings and Saturday afternoons—large, enthusiastic audiences fill the Islington Theatre, some to enjoy the young and high-spirited company, others to appraise dancers as yet hardly free of their chrysalids. Our sole regret is that after Christmas there will be only one performance a week. On the stage there is a great deal of promise, some good dancing and no pretentiousness—the result an admirable *ballet populaire*, which one need not judge by rigorous standards. This autumn is certainly the company's best season. Even the holocaust at Hanley, when the décors for nine ballets were lost, has proved little impediment. Already some of these have returned to the repertoire; replacements of others are under way. Still, one deplores the action of the Insurance Company involved, which would only make good the old ballets instead of providing a lump sum to finance new productions.

This young company is preyed on both by Covent Garden and by the Ministry of Labour as well. Presumably Miss Marion Lane will soon be promoted to the senior company, while David Blair, a seventeen-year-old of extraordinary promise, is to have his career interrupted any minute by military service. Popular prejudices are also a handicap: the box office always shows the best returns when old favourites like *Les Sylphides* and *Lac des Cygnes* are given, classical ballets which require the most mature technique and do not show young dancers off to their best advantage. This bias discourages one of this company's most commendable aims—to nurse young choreographers as well as young dancers. Perhaps their new ballets have been too turgid. Would not all this youthful enthusiasm show to better advantage in pieces which were lighter-hearted than Nancy McNaught's *Etude*, a murky "choreographic study" produced last season, or John Cranko's recent *Sea Change* (Sibelius music, Piper décor) in the indigo mood of *Peter Grimes?* Still, we are promised for Christmas a new *divertissement, Beauty and the Beast*, by Cranko, a new Rossini-Respighi ballet by a well-known dancer, as yet never a choreographer, and a revival of *Casse Noisette*.

On a plane very different from that of Sadler's Wells we have Markova and Dolin, who have been giving a short season at the Kilburn State Cinema. Here we have two great artists nightly filling a huge cinema, which must have a capacity approaching that of Covent Garden. Kilburn appears to have a large potential ballet public, though as yet probably not a very discerning one—all the more reason for serving the district well. Yet these celebrated dancers present a programme on the level of a dancing class benefit. Not only are *Chopiniana* and the *Italian Suite* to music by Cimarosa deserts of dullness in themselves—the balletic equivalent of music played in octaves—but they were badly and lazily danced. On paper their new piece, *Blue Mountain Ballads*, to poems by Tennessee Williams and music by Paul Bowles, sounded interesting. But it emerged as a pretentious little suite of four dances to four indifferent and vaguely Audenesque ballads recited by Mr. Dolin—"I am a cheque that can't be cashed," a verse of one poem appeared to begin. The New York Ballet Theatre idiom seemed thin and poor, the whole, especially the music, at best a smart pastiche. For the rest, the programme was diluted with orchestral interludes—miscellaneous Tschaikowsky, Pierne's *Entry of the Little Fauns*, and so on, poorly played.

The orchestral interludes, on the other hand, were the best part of the programme at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, where Berto Pasuka's *Ballets Nègres* have been performing. Korley Martey's African Orchestra seemed more genuine and spirited than the dancers themselves, who were rather a disappointment. I had expected "to be put in mind ob de last sugar factory explosion": instead they seemed a damp fusee. One is thankful that this company does not attempt the meretricious, vaguely Caribbean pastiche that Miss Katherine Dunham's troupe manages so well. At the same time one regrets the rude and brassy vitality, the simpler, less self-conscious approach of the dancers in the Parisian *Bal Nègre*. Mr. Berto Pasuka himself is an excellent dancer within his own idiom. There is a curious uncanniness about his sense of mime, and he succeeds in creating out of De Prophet a pathetic and credible creature, half beast, half angel. Throughout, he is ably seconded by Mr. Ben Johnson.

The organisers of the Nijinsky galas evidently learnt one lesson from last season's Ballet Festival: this time there was no Surrey garden to deck out the Empress Hall. Instead the heads of balletomanes, close packed as caviar, filled the space between arena and orchestra—surely a happier and more natural solution. Only the choice of programme was not so fortunate. None but the most robust ballets thrive in this ice-rink. The magic of *Les Sylphides* or *Giselle* dissolves in vastness. Furthermore the absence of wings on this stadium stage creates a formal problem. It handicaps *Les Sylphides*, whose complex patterns not only require to be set off against a backcloth, but also to be enclosed laterally, and it destroys the frieze-like illusions of *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, which takes place in a perspectival void. In this contemporary Colosseum it is the ballets based on indigenous themes—*Danses Polovtsiennes, Beau Danube, Capriccio Espagnol*—which succeed best. Setting apart, the dancers—Mesdames Toumanova, Chauviré, Tallchief, Krassovska, Messieurs Massine, Skibine, Skouratoff and Babilée—much of the cream of contemporary ballet—gave a splendid performance. Toumanova's pyrotechnics in the *pas de deux* from Balanchine's *Don Quixote*, her limpid, yet crisp, beauty in *Giselle*, Chauviré's quivering death in *La Mort du Cygne* and Skouratoff's noble partnering, Babilée's air-born *Blue Bird*—all were magnificent. This last dancer always takes one by surprise. He is the only *premier danseur* to-day with a real *mystique*: what is more, he can project it. Considering how well he fits the role, it was a surprise to find him dancing the Faun for the first time. He performed it beautifully, but what chance had the shimmering mood of this Sicilian eclogue? "*Faune, l'illusion s'échappe des yeux bleus et froids.*" In this vast hangar the illusion escaped us too.

JOHN RICHARDSON

FRANCIS BACON

THE new paintings which Mr. Francis Bacon is exhibiting at the Hanover Gallery have been widely acclaimed. It is suggested that he has two great virtues. It is said that his decomposing heads and faces, with their cavernous mouths, propped open in a static, silent scream, are evocative of the essence of true nightmare: and, secondly, that he *paints* very well. Now, surely it is rather late in the day to extol nightmare for nightmare's sake. Nothing at the present time could be more hackneyed artistically, nor more successful in the fashionable world, than the consciously constructed surrealist nightmare figure in which every distortion of limb is calculatingly thought out and realistically executed. The sort of distortion that Bacon exploits is of this order: it occurs, that is, in the world of the subject of the painting rather than in the painting itself. Indeed, in Bacon there is no more distortion in the vital formal sense—the only kind valid in painting—than in Manet, of whom he seems a weak imitator. Bacon is an artist who employs a not insensitive but nonetheless slap-dash imitation of an old-fashioned technique to portray figures conceived according to an exhausted and discredited modern surrealist formula. Intimations of the sort of horror which clings to the suggestion of physical torture, or merely dismemberment by bomb splinters—these were truly horrifying at an earlier date in the present century. For one thing, they were prophetic. But to-day such violence is just part of our recent history. A head, the upper part missing and a frozen grimace below, is not so likely now, one feels, to represent the compelling imaginative experience of a truly creative mind. On the contrary, such an image is part and parcel of the picture-gallery of plain memory for thousands of survivors from two great wars. On this score alone it would seem that the studied creation of such images is a completely different kind of activity from that of the surrealist Picasso of the Twenties, for instance. That Bacon's painting is morbid could not well be denied. Yet for me at least not one atom of true nightmare of any kind is evident in any of these modish canvases. I have found more true disquiet in a Braque jug or teapot.

It may be argued in reply to all this that the macabre is free to emerge irrespective of time or place. That may be true. But my reply is simply that with Bacon the thing just doesn't come off: the creative intensity is missing and I think that is probably due to his position in time. As for the paintings themselves, considered apart

from their subjects, they certainly diminish one's interest in Bacon's art. He used to labour patiently and to some purpose with a rich impasto; that is, it was rich in texture; in colour it was always calculatingly drab and bleak, and that was its virtue. But now he paints slickly and, one would guess, far too quickly. Nothing could be more summary and flimsy than the back of the standing nude figure which is disappearing through transparent grey curtains — curtains painted with large light brush strokes streaked vertically downwards and barely discharging the dull, slimy mixture upon the canvas.

At Gimpel Fil's Mr. William Gear's abstract canvases betray their Parisian origin. Last June I became acquainted with a great number of abstract French painters who still seek, it seems, to achieve salvation through triangles. In their preoccupation with the purely formal they neglect the one direction in which originality and freshness are to be found, namely, in a return to figuration. Mr. Gear has gained greatly in formal dexterity and technical ability, in which respect he is surely the equal now of such Parisian painters as Soulages, Hartung, Schneider, Manessier, Le Moal or Singier. But he is as academic as they are, too. Painting such as this cannot revitalize us. Though intelligent and accomplished it quite fails to excite: the element of pictorial illusion is absent. No specific objects, no specific space, are evoked and re-created. It is as though the mechanics of picture-making had detached themselves from the fuller purpose.

PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

At 7.5 p.m. on November 21, John Bryson gave a sensitive talk on Coventry Patmore, including readings from Patmore's verse. At 10.25 he came back on the air and gave bits of his talk all over again, this time with pauses to allow for readings by Valantine Dyall. These, spoken very well, included passages Bryson himself had spoken equally well three hours and twenty minutes before. In between we had the last part of *Faust* (with a superb harrowing of hell) and music by Schubert, Bach, Haydn and Mozart. Here, in fact, was an irrational little sandwich forming the bottom layer of an irrational big sandwich. Would Bryson, discussing and quoting Patmore for forty minutes, really be intolerable? And should a competent critic be given the role of boggling and falling silent before the actual material he is discussing, to be rescued by somebody else presumed better at the job. It is the lover, surely, who is entitled to the kiss.

By great good fortune David Garnett was judged fit to sustain the part of David Garnett in his own *New Judgment* on Peacock. This took the form, most ingeniously, of a dialogue between the writer and his grandfather Richard Garnett, played by Felix Aylmer. It is many months since I have heard anything so completely delightful on the air. Aylmer commonly comes near perfection in such parts, and on this occasion I believe him to have attained it; moreover the subsidiary and illustrative voices—those of Shelley and three or four of Peacock's characters—were as skilfully interpreted as introduced. In the dialogue itself, capital though I found the discussion of Peacock's personality (and topicality), I wished that more time could have been given to the analysis of his art *per se*. But the outstanding point was the excellence of Garnett's script. Good dialogue is the life blood of spoken radio. There is no substitute.

I find this conviction reinforced by two recent discussions on schooling. The first was in the Home Service series, *The Rising Generation*, and was called "What are children promised by the Education Act?" This was a written-up affair, with fictitious parents, teachers, ratepayers and the like, professionally acted; it aimed at a great deal of liveliness, a modicum of instruction, and perhaps a pinch of mild sedation. The second feature, in the Light Programme's *Now's Your Chance*, was an edited version of unscripted exchanges between members of the public of Stevenage and a group of educationists under the seasoned chairmanship of the Radio Doctor. Now, while both were entertaining, it was undoubtedly the first that seemed more *real*. A practised writer, that is to say, even if of no very distinguished talent, will manage, with a group of actors, something much more natural in this kind than will a number of actual officials and members of the public ("the little man" and "people of power and responsibility" as the blurb with some lack of urbanity puts it) going through an unfamiliar ordeal in a school hall. In *The Rising Generation* one of the contestants announced that he must nip out to put on the kettle. It is just such touches that make us, children that we are, believe and perpend.

Another Sunday has brought more Peacock: Douglas Cleverdon's adaptation of *Nightmare Abbey*. With the voice of Esmé Percy as Mr. Flosky still lingering on the ear it would be rash indeed to attempt critical appraisal. Tentatively I would pronounce the attempt inoffensive to, and full of moments of quiet ecstasy for, all good Peacockians. But reflection may suggest that, on the air, *Nightmare Abbey* is rather fatally neither one thing nor another. From what comes to us audibly in dramatic or semi-dramatic form we obstinately expect a unity that it is not in this immortal conversation piece to give.

MICHAEL INNES

THE MOVIES

"Pinky," at the Leicester Square
"Les Maudits," at the Rialto
"A Run for Your Money," at the Gaumont

Pinky, which deals with or revolves about "the Negro problem," makes a stronger impression than *Home of the Brave*. Indeed, it is as well-made as it is well-meant, and besides working out a very appealing drama of race and prejudice, it exploits a sensitive vision. The girl is chased over a bridge at night by two drunken men in a car whose headlights horribly play with the dodging figure; she and her lover meet hurriedly by a wayside shack and as the car door slams and they drive away, the disturbed old black grandmother comes out from her lanes of washing; prosecuting counsel in court wheedles a witness, with the gentlest of voices and a hidden grin over his signet-ring. These we remember not only as incidents in a story but for themselves: they communicate their own thrill. There is nothing inspired or extravagant about this behaviour of the camera. It does its job very well, that is all. The director, Elia Kazan, can pick his way arrestingly along familiar paths. To a conventionally strong subject he applies a rounded realism. At the worst this touch is a shade studiose (chorus of bull-frogs, background mutes ambling among property trees); at its easy-running best it will contrive something dignified and affecting out of the clichés of situation—a death-bed, for example, too long expected.

Without skill of this order and the perfectly controlled playing of its actors, *Pinky* would be a traditionally mawkish attempt on a difficult theme. For with a gesture of "risk the lot!" it has artfully subtracted quite half the stakes it has slapped on, so that in the end winnings (if we try to assess them) seem over-modest. The octaroon who passes for pink has come back, stood up for Negro rights, dismissed her Yankee lover, and, busily preferring service to self, is last seen running a clinic for little Negroes in the property left by her White benefactor. How far does that advance the argument? Not an inch. But quite genuinely it raises its topic and makes a clean-cut drama out of a muddle of fears, sympathies and atrocities. It assumes, and perhaps rightly, that so long as lynchers go out at night, and restaurateurs in London bar their doors, and Dr. Malan feels insulted by the presentation of the Negroes' case, the only way to accost audiences is at a common level of sympathy. *Pinky* very honourably does that. It manages to be fair to all parties and warm-hearted at the same time: no inconsiderable feat. We are won over by excellent performances from Jeanne Crain as Pinky and Ethel Waters as the grandmother, and even the smallest parts are played more than well.

Les Maudits, an end-of-the-war thriller for which last week I had no space, raises excitements in a submarine conveying important Nazis and others from Oslo to South America. The submarine's activities and encounters have a beautifully authentic look, and if in that pent-up corridor some old thriller favourites turn up (especially on the female side), still a possible authenticity prevails there, too. Shades of character—in the formidable Nazi bully, for example—find an echo in subtleties of filming: though the voyage may seem rather drawn-out, it reaches a true climax, vivid to the eye and impressive of its theme of destruction. The director, René Clément, has made a more artistic use of violence than is common at the moment (i.e., to excite horror one need not employ the most disgusting means).

I wish I could feel that *A Run for Your Money* was more than a broken-winded amble. It completes Ealing Studios' quartette of comedies for the year, and creates a trickle of fun out of Welshmen on the spree. And it has, as a sideshow, Mr. Alec Guinness. But can we go on expecting funny films without funny men? When will English studios produce a comedian of their own? English radio gave us Tommy Handley, and now Frankie Howerd (script permitting) is as good and better.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

NEW MUSIC

Nobody could call this an adventurous concert season. The *première* of Britten's important *Spring Symphony* took place on the other side of the North Sea; at home, neither the Royal Philharmonic Society nor the B.B.C. has contrived to introduce a single novelty into their Albert programmes. Listeners fortunate enough to receive the Third Programme undisturbed can count on hearing a certain amount of new music, especially new chamber music; an encouraging specimen of these programmes recently enabled us to make the acquaintance of a Viola Sonata by Malcolm Arnold, a Piano Sonatina by Afan Richardson, and a Piano Trio by Bernard Stevens.

This was an encouraging programme because of the clean workmanship and clear texture common to all three pieces. These characteristics are no infallible recipe for good music; but they are a valuable ingredient which is often wanting in the production of the English School. As though to keep out the fog and the cold, English musical life has long specialised in thick tweed and rich upholstery: that is to say, in mammoth choirs, brass bands and recklessly stentorian organs. As a result of these outbursts of crude energy, the national ear has developed a certain insensitivity to niceness of timbre, balance and layout. Composers of the last generation, like Elgar, Delius, and even Holst, who were capable of the most ravishing orchestral writing up to the *forte* level, were apt to throw discretion and taste to the winds as soon as a climax approached; and English chamber music, influenced by the less attractive elements in Brahms and César Franck, showed a similar tendency to become muddy at the smallest provocation.

Reaction was bound to come; Holst himself, with his strong vein of asceticism, led the way in his later works. Among our contemporaries, Britten and Berkeley have always maintained, even in their most forceful passages, a certain brilliance or transparency of texture; and it was a similar virtue which I found so welcome in the three broadcast compositions. Alan Richardson's Sonatina is beautifully pianistic in a period when most composers write as gruffly for the piano as they do for the voice; its ideas, of no great profundity, melted into one another with easy grace. Mr. Richardson, a good pianist, joined Watson Forbes in a performance of

Not Imperative but Indicative

There are no imperatives — no 'musts' for a reading list — in The Times Literary Supplement. It contains no injunction to read this or that book, nor does it select for you a Masterpiece of the Month or a Book of the Moment. Wide-ranging in sympathy, catholic in taste, discriminating in judgment, it sorts out from the stack of new arrivals only those books which would reward the attention of the intelligent reader. If books represent for you something more than an agreeable form of anæsthesia on a train journey, you will welcome the critical illumination and guidance of The Times Literary Supplement.

Place an order with your usual bookstall or newsagent
Price 3d. every Friday

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

London Elegance 1888
when the House of Bronnley was founded.

Fine English Soaps for Sixty Years

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

Bronnley
OF LONDON

Your gift has wings

Give a BEA ticket this Christmas —and give the best gift of all: a family reunion, or a longed-for holiday: a journey either this Christmas or at any time during the New Year. Get your gift ticket from your Travel Agent, any BEA Office or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20 Regent Street, S.W.1. Telephone: GERrard 9833

BEA

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

HOW
does the steel industry do it?

No greater demands have been made on any industry than the nation has made on the steel industry. The response has been magnificent.

1 Output has achieved an all-time record.

2 Exports of goods made from steel are now double pre-war.

3 Steel prices are among the lowest in the world.

What produced these results?

The team spirit in the industry, the stimulus of competitive enterprise, and the sense of public responsibility on the part of both workers and management.

STEEL
is serving you well

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Malcolm Arnold's Viola Sonata; this is the first work by Mr. Arnold which has struck me as altogether free from triviality. It has some curious recitative passages and effects for the viola in its highest register which suggest a concealed programmatic background; but its first movement certainly makes a strikingly complete impression in purely musical terms. The Piano Trio of Bernard Stevens reveals a serious cast of mind, not afraid to be thought conventional; sometimes his seriousness takes the form of excessive reliance on conservatoire "procedure," but his slow movement flowers and spreads with natural luxuriance over a simple basis of repeated piano chords. The performance, by the Rubbra-Pleeth ensemble, did justice to the solid structure and clean lines of the writing.

Out of Morley College comes always something new; but candour compels me to admit that their latest programme (at the Central Hall) was too scrappy to make a satisfactory evening. An admirable brass band from the town of High Wycombe discoursed Bantock in the shape of *Prometheus Unbound* (a virtuoso competition piece through which the ethereal outlines of Shelley were but dimly visible), passed on to the Venetian magnificence of Andera Gabrieli, and concluded with the mitigated dryness of early Hindemith. This was his *Concert Music* (Op. 49) for piano, two harps and assorted brass: a combination such as a composer might tackle to win a bet, or to prove some highly professional point, but scarcely for the sheer love of beauty. In between, the Morley College choir sang a Byrd motet well, and the *Stabat Mater* of Domenico Scarlatti badly; but the latter, with its softly luminous counterpoint and its Fauré-like serenity of mood, proved to be the most valuable discovery of the evening.

On Monday last, at the same hall, a programme of Yugoslav music was presented by the City of Birmingham Orchestra; in three of the four works they played under the spirited direction of their regular conductor, George Weldon. The four composers, all virtually unknown in England, had one quality in common: exuberance. Immense despair alternates with thunderous jollification; and neither of these emotions is recollected in tranquillity. The composers are technically accomplished, but their scoring is often crude: each stroke on big drum and cymbals counts, so it would appear, as a shot fired in defence of the beloved fatherland. In a Symphonic Scherzo by Marjan Kozina, which opened the programme, the assault and battery tired our patience and concealed the simple, Weinberger-ish attractions of the music. Two excepts from *The Legend of Ohrid* by Stevan Hristič explained the popularity of this full-length ballet: they are excellent stuff for dancing, and the second, with its syncopated time and thrummed accompaniment, has real go. Kendall Taylor played with evident sympathy a Piano Concerto by L. M. Škerjanc which was the only piece in the programme to remind us of the old cultural link between Paris and the Balkans.

The most striking of the Yugoslav works was the Second Symphony of a younger man (born 1914) named Stjepan Šulek, which was conducted with passionate gusto by his fellow-countryman, Milan Horvat. The slow movement of this symphony, a tragic lament with much rich and expressive writing for the string choir, showed great emotional intensity and considerable architectural power; it made a deep impression. The work is sub-titled *Eroica* (in no way can Yugoslavia be said to lack courage), and follows the sort of programme that might be expected from its date (1944-6). For Western listeners, the good effect of the first three movements is largely dissipated by the finale, in which a funeral march is converted, by slow and desperately foreseeable stages, into a triumphal procession based on a banal theme which is plugged with the unabashed advocacy of a cheer-leader. Nevertheless, the man who composed that *Adagio* and the gaily inventive *Scherzo* is capable of writing music whose significance should extend far beyond the national frontiers.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Correspondence

FRENCH NORTH AFRICA

SIR,—I have read with great interest the article by your correspondent in North Africa describing conditions which exist under the French police regime in Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco today. I should also like to thank you as well as your courageous correspondent for bringing this matter to the attention of your readers and of public opinion throughout the democratic world.

Your correspondent has accurately described the conditions under which we, North Africans, are obliged to live. For many years, however, and particularly since the end of the last war, little has been known in the outside world of those conditions for it is no exaggeration to say that an "iron curtain" surrounds these countries behind which France practices and maintains her particular colonial system by means of the repressive measures and restriction of civil liberties noted by your correspondent.

In addition to the policy of economic exploitation imposed on us by France the people of North Africa are suffering from what is perhaps the most deadly system of oppression used by one people against another—the system known to us in North Africa as "assimilation." By this process France seeks deliberately to destroy our personality as an Arab people and to impose upon us an alien culture and language. From this follows France's policy of restricting education, of discouraging the establishment of American and English Schools and of maintaining the masses in an inexcusable state of ignorance.

We are now demanding that the United Nations should send a Commission of Enquiry to investigate on the spot the conditions under which we live with special regard to the lack of political, civil and educational liberties. We look to the support particularly of the British and American people—who have done so much for the restoration of France since the war—in this matter.

The people of North Africa expect from the world the same political and social rights as have been obtained recently by the peoples of India, Burma, Pakistan, etc. For these rights we have fought in the past and up to the present alone: today we look to the help of all those who sincerely detest imperialism and all that goes with it to prevent France from standing any longer in the way of our achievement of those liberties for which France herself has made so much propaganda in the past.

In conclusion I thank you once again for breaking through the barriers imposed against freedom of information by the French and for making our Cause and the conditions of our people known to the world.

Committee for the Liberation of the Naghreb, Cairo.
ABDUL KRIM OF THE RIFF, *Chairman*

AIMS OF INDUSTRY

SIR,—The National Union of Manufacturers recently formed a branch at Wolverhampton. The Chairman of the Midland area of the Union invited manufacturers in the Wolverhampton district "to band themselves together in a united front against the tyrannies of a Socialist totalitarianism." This illustrates a growing tendency among industrialists who support the Conservative Party, and oppose the nationalisation policy of the present Government, to use "Associations" for the purposes of political propaganda.

In some cases these Associations are financed by subscriptions payable out of untaxed company funds. The Chancellor of the Exchequer recently ruled that subscriptions or donations by traders for political purposes are not permitted to be deducted in computing profit for the purpose of income tax or profits tax; and the Inland Revenue authorities can no doubt be trusted to see that they do not figure as a tax-free business expense. This, however, does not dispose of the question whether it is proper that political propaganda should be carried on at the expense of share-holders in industry.

In many instances these essentially political associations adopt names such as "Industrial Advisory Committee," which are apparently intended to suggest that they are non-partisan.

Perhaps the most interesting of these movements is known as Aims of Industry, with its offices in 10 and 12 Carteret Street, Westminster. Some of its Departments, such as the Public Relations Division, do much valuable uncontroversial work of an industrial nature, but it runs at the same time other activities which are directly political.

The progress report for September of the Editorial Division speaks of a marked speed-up in the Press campaign against nationalization of steel, sugar, meat importing and cement. It is stated that the campaign is being supported by a strong series of articles and news stories which tell of the achievements of free enterprise. A pamphlet under the title *Nationalisation means "Goodbye to Pensions"* by Alfred Edwards, M.P., is mentioned, as also another entitled *Mr. Strachey's Harvest Festival*, the theme being bulk trading in food at a cost to the taxpayer of more than one million pounds per day; another bears the significant title *Budgeting for Disaster*. It is stated that the services of a team of speakers specially trained and briefed in the anti-nationalisation cases of the threatened industries are being offered to local associations of *all* parties.

The most outstanding effort, however, of Aims of Industry has been the carrying out of a campaign of some 40 meetings throughout the United Kingdom, from January to April this year, with Mr. Alfred Edwards, M.P., as speaker against the nationalisation of steel.

In a report sent in to headquarters by the organisers when Mr. Edwards, on March 14, addressed the Manchester Publicity Association, the following significant passage occurred.

> The President, in introducing Mr. Edwards, begged him to avoid controversy as the Association had to be impartial in politics.
>
> Mr. Edwards at the outset remarked that if he was to be non-controversial he would be very dull! He then touched briefly on one or two aspects of his American trip and then opened out into his usual fighting steel speech. The audience received this with marked interest and delight and he sat down to prolonged applause. After the President, somewhat dazed, had proposed a vote of thanks, he was seconded by a member who said he was glad Mr. Edwards had ignored the President's request, as otherwise they would have missed a fine speech.

It is a cherished privilege of the people of this country to criticise whatever government may be in power; this is an essential part of our democratic system. What is open to question is whether company funds should be used to finance such criticism, and whether professedly impartial Associations should become a medium for party polemics.

Wightwick Manor, Wolverhampton.
GEOFFREY MANDER

THE SCANDAL AT LAKE SUCCESS

SIR,—One is used to disparity between public opinion in this country and Foreign Office policy, but surely nothing more blatant has occurred since the last election than Sir Terence Shone's opposition to the Reverend Michael Scott at Lake Success?

I farmed for several years in South-West Africa on what had once been Herero grazing land, and I can vouch for the fact that the Herero nation has had an intolerable amount of injustice at the hands of white people. The Germans tried to exterminate them in a four years war, and then when the Mandate was proclaimed—with loud talk of "trusteeship"—the South Africans proceeded to herd them into eight tiny and widely separated reserves in the worst grazing country, and have thus reduced what was once a proud and self-respecting people into a scattering of half-starved beggars. I could see their rapid deterioration when I lived in the country.

The Hereros are men just as we are. They are surrounded at the moment by their enemies—ruled by people who wish them ill. It is a shameful thing to try to obstruct their last desperate and pathetic attempt to be heard outside the country which has become their prison.

Sir Terence Shone has said that if Michael Scott were allowed to talk there would be a danger of "the whole African continent climbing on the back of this procedure." Well it is about time that there was

some procedure by which oppressed peoples in Africa can make themselves heard. What is Uno for if not to remedy injustice and oppression?

This country is shortly to be judged before the world by whether it supports or opposes a policy of racial oppression in Africa. Let us see that we do not allow men of Sir Terence Shone's way of thinking to speak for us.

JOHN SEYMOUR

PRESS CHARGES

SIR,—In the "John Hadlow" article you say "... we defend the right of the *Sunday Express* to accuse certain public services of acquiring motor cars by unfair methods." On the face of it that would seem a very silly and unnecessary thing to say. For the benefit of your readers would you clarify it a little?

Who has denied the right of the *Sunday Express* to attack that which it believes to be wrong in a public service? I believe the case of THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION *re* "John Hadlow" to be straightforward and quite justifiable; but surely it is addled thinking to suggest that there is anything in common with the *Sunday Express* behaviour.

In this latter case their leading article asserted that officers of nationalised industries were using their official position to buy motor cars less purchase tax and sell them "at a handsome profit." The charges were denied by the Minister. The newspaper not only refused to withdraw the charges but levelled them also at men in "Government departments."

The charges, as stated, were again denied by a responsible Minister. The Editor has been asked personally to provide details upon which he makes his allegations.

He has not provided any evidence whatsoever, he has not withdrawn the charges, nor has he given publicity to the Minister's denials. Is THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION now defending this state of affairs?

FRANK BESWICK

House of Commons.

[Reference is made to this letter in our Comments on page 635.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN SCHOOLS

Sir,—Mr. Faint, unconsciously, makes the strongest possible argument against corporal punishment in schools. Ordinary men and women ought not to be left—as teachers are—to act, umpteen times a day, successively as prosecutor, jury, judge, and executioner, over scores of children.

Classes of 40 or over are no new thing. In my own schooldays, which ended in 1935, they were not merely common, but standard; yet I remember at least a dozen teachers who did an excellent job without straps or—to reassure Mr. Faint—other punishment. In particular, there was a very young lady-teacher of German whose method of dealing with a disturbance was to wait until it subsided. She understood that the whole point of deliberate misbehaving in class is to provoke the teacher. If the teacher (like Pablo in *For Whom The Bell Tolls*) "does not provoke," the misbehaving will soon cease. It is, incidentally, noticeable that defenders of corporal punishment in schools concentrate on the need for keeping order among unruly children. Are children never punished for errors in arithmetic or spelling?

If, as Mr. Faint seems to imply, the present educational system will fall to pieces without corporal punishment—which is possible—it is not worth preserving; it treats children like donkeys, who have to be beaten or they won't work. As a matter of fact, for another reason, not unconnected with corporal punishment, the system stands condemned. The "education" with which the average child leaves school at the age of 14 or 15 is—excepting the ability to read, write, and do simple arithmetic—simply not worth having. It consists in having passed periodical examinations in a mass of book-learning whose value, immediate or future, is a preposterous assumption unless to a child that intends to become a teacher. It is, indeed, a matter of memorising certain facts in order to spew them out on demand—facts that in themselves are neither interesting nor useful, and can, when required, be found in any public library. Schools ought to be renamed "Institutions for stuffing the memory with useless information."

Corporal punishment in schools survives because it is the only way (it is scarcely a "method") of "teaching" and keeping order that nine out of ten teachers know. Teachers who possess the personality that makes corporal punishment unnecessary within the existing, fantastic, educational system always have been scarce. They are becoming scarcer—teaching is ceasing to be a vocation and is deteriorating into a profession, just another way of earning a living. The system itself has been out of date for a century (see Hazlitt), and becomes more anachronistic as children become more intelligent and more energetic requiring something more than a memory overflowing with miscellaneous information.

4 Holly Street, Clydebank. J. SWANN

SIR,—As a visitor to England and a product of American schools, I am shocked to learn that the physical punishment of children is a common practice in British education. It is difficult to believe that England persists in what we have long recognised as a primitive and harmful practice. During my schooldays I met one teacher who, in the adverse conditions of overcrowding, so far forgot herself as to pinch a student's ear. She was dismissed for incompetence.

Among Americans, both the educators and the general public, it has long been recognised that pain and humiliation do not breed admirable human beings. If the opposite were true, would not the best schools be concentration camps?

Let me assure R. W. Faint, who defends corporal punishment on the grounds that teachers are human, that American teachers are no less human than the British, while American children are far from angels in pinafores. Yet we find no necessity for disciplining a child by means of a demonstration of violence which dramatically teaches both him and his classmates that they, in turn, can victimise those weaker than themselves—a lesson of doubtful value in a democracy.

SYLVIA MARTIN

COINCIDENCE

SIR,—Your "Autolycus" is really too innocent of the workings of the national press—or too anxious to score a point against the newspapers.

His "department of coincidence" of last week quoted identical passages from the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Worker* in their reports of "Salome." Every newspaperman knows how that came about.

It was the same report—written by a clever young woman named Sally Gray, and supplied by the Press Association to a long list of newspapers, many of which also printed it, as "Autolycus" would have discovered had he read the press he professes to analyse a little more diligently.

Daily Express, Fleet Street, London. MORLEY RICHARDS, *News Editor*

[We are interested to learn the identity of the "clever young woman" whose opera notices gain access to the columns of "a long list of newspapers." Neither the *Express* nor the *Worker* paid her the tribute of a credit line. Hence, "Autolycus" and, we imagine, the readers of the *Express*, naturally attributed the story to the pen of a staff correspondent. Many newspaper readers will be sorry if the press abandons the old-fashioned habit of individual reporting of theatrical or operatic performances in favour of mass-reporting, however clever.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THANKS FROM GERMANY

SIR,—A large group of German students working under the German Students' Harvest Scheme in this country would like to thank all those who so kindly helped to make their stay enjoyable.

So much genuine friendliness has been shown to us that we just do not know whom or which group of people to mention first, whether our hosts, or the policemen, or any other man in the street. May we therefore choose one representative of the English people and its almost unique social cohesion, who most kindly gave us lifts to all parts of this hospitable country, who shared his meals with us and who safely took us back to camp and shelter: *The unknown English lorry-driver.*

A GROUP OF GERMAN STUDENTS

A glass of DRY FLY SHERRY is the ideal aperitif, and is a gracious welcome to your guests. Obtainable all over the world from your own Wine Merchant, or from:

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. The King.

Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

Swan Pen and Pencil sets are this year as delightful to give as to receive. Moreover for a small extra sum a rolled gold cap can be fitted, turning this — the most serviceable of writing instruments — into an article of personal adornment as well.

Presentation sets in black and colours from 38/6 (including Purchase Tax). Eternal nibs, perfect for duplicating, extra. From all Stationers and Jewellers.

MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD., 41 PARK ST., LONDON, W.1 (*Administration only*) *Service Depots & Showrooms:* 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1; 33 Cheapside, London, E.C.2; and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester, 4

A completely new encyclopaedia is presented to the world

THE NEW CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA

FIFTEEN VOLUMES

CONCEIVED, EDITED AND PRODUCED IN BRITAIN

THE ONLY ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF MAJOR STATUS
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
TO BE PUBLISHED COMPLETELY NEW FROM A TO Z SINCE 1929

Unimpeachable in Authority and Scholarship

SEND THIS COUPON FOR A COMPLETE PRE-VIEW

To: THE NEW CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA (N.S.3) George Newnes Ltd., 136-7 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please send me (free) illustrated brochure containing a detailed survey of contents and including some of the actual colour plates. (Should you prefer not to cut this page, a letter or postcard will suffice).

FULL NAME.....

PROFESSION..... HOUSEHOLDER?.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

SEE THE CHAMBERS'S BROCHURE BEFORE YOU ORDER ANY OTHER ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Christmas Books

THE AGE OF CONFIDENCE

THE men and women who appear in the new Supplement of the Dictionary of National Biography (*Oxford*. 50s.) all died in the nine years 1931 to 1940. To anyone who grew up during those years some of them seem far more dead than others: Kipling and Grey more dead than Yeats or Neville Chamberlain. The feeling turns out to be unreliable. However different in their lives, opinions, and achievements, they all belong to the period during which they themselves grew up, the last decades of Queen Victoria, the reign of King Edward, the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. It's that period which here comprehensively claims them, for the first time, and in doing so shuts us out.

The feeling of exclusion seems at first a slight nuisance, as when a bus sails off triumphantly—"full up!" There'll be another coming by, one thinks, a better-known one with plenty of space. But no; one after another they all lurch past full to the roof with strange faces expressing ghost-like preoccupied thoughts. Here's Lascelles Abercrombie—

> . . . distinguished for his lyrical power and speculative daring. He responded profoundly to natural beauty; his love-poetry was ardent and exalted; and the mystical and "metaphysical" strain was never far away . . . In a style which often rises to grandeur, he proclaims his faith in an omnipresent divine spirit embodying the law of ideal beauty.

That looks very unfamiliar. Yet the route there taken, now seemingly so remote, so purposeless, is no solitary or eccentric choice, but is one travelled or touched by many of these lives. Politicians, philosophers, scientists, admirals, cricketers, the impression grows steadily, through nine hundred pages, that there's hardly one who would have felt shy or puzzled if he had found himself upon it. When we come to Yeats, expecting at last to be picked up and brought nearer home, the very opposite happens: he, too, seems to roll by, bearing his mysticism, his "high code of morality," his "sense of the tragic ambivalence of all that touches man and of the impossibility of bringing life before the bar of reason": bearing them towards the dead, not the living.

Seems: for of course "tragic ambivalence" looks more familiar than "omnipresent divine spirit." The first fits, the second hangs loose and awkward. But both were cut from the same cloth—that's the feeling you get here—and the essential difference is in the confidence of the wearers. Yeats belonged to the age of confidence, and much in him that living admirers find queer to digest or interpret (unless, as often, they misinterpret), may be a simple outcome of that age. Yeats knew that he'd outlived it, but nowadays probably too few people take account of the fact that he ever lived in it at all. To read these biographies, so admirably presented and edited, is to be confronted with confidence.

> . . . *Drake's Drum*, immediately famous, appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*. Newbolt himself relates how, after reading this poem with silent absorption, his friend Robert Bridges declared, "It isn't given to a man to write anything better than that. I wish I had ever written anything half so good."

How enviable that incident seems! Wouldn't one offer much good criticism in exchange for that "silent absorption," that calm and leisure, with their absurd pleasant validity? There was an absence of apology, an unabashed confidence, a secure sense of importance, laughable at times, but never soft-brained or slipshod. C. P. Scott began to edit the *Manchester Guardian* at twenty-five, George Buckle the *Times* at twenty-nine. Buckle didn't want to have the telephone. Life moved ponderously, the Harmsworths hadn't yet begun their work, and the grander commonplaces still seemed soundly disinterested.

"Ordered freedom," "generous compromise," "Divine guidance," "spirit of moderation": they stand out like landmarks in Sir Owen Morshead's life (itself a monument) of King George V.

> Whatever perplexities and difficulties may lie before me and my people, we shall unite in facing them resolutely, confident that under Divine guidance the outcome may be to the common good.

The vitality and sincerity of the royal commonplaces seem to express not only the character of the King himself, but also the confidence of the time. Ever avid for platitude, the mind rests easily on them surprised by their buoyancy. They seem to carry all the niches and perches, however bizarre or far-aloft, of contemporary talents. No one is isolated. Vegetarians, educationists, anti-vivisectionists, philanthropists, musicians, mathematicians; Abercrombie with his "omnipresent Divine spirit," theologians and philosophers confidently handling "ultimates," early English socialists in their oddly touching bumpkin garments of Sunday School and "Merrie England," streaked with shrewdness and acumen: it's as if they all stand on steel girders of platitude. Suffragettes may break the glass, Irishmen throw bombs at the walls, physicists delve underneath with their atomic gunpowder. Still the thing looks pretty strong as if it could fit them all in somewhere.

It was the time of "character and principle," those "twin landmarks" by which, we're told, King George V judged men. They're no doubt less effaced than some of the others, but a habit of pretending not to see them had not then been formed. Stephen Coleridge, anti-vivisectionist, who founded the N.S.P.C.C. in 1884, "even maintained that knowledge and reason were miserable bases on which to build conduct, character, and life." Many people, his biographer says, were embarrassed by this "extreme prejudice." Perhaps also they were a little bored. It was in the same year, Mr. de la Mare tells us, that Augustine Birrell suddenly "became a public character" through his book of essays *Obiter Dicta*—

> . . . published at a time when an influential section of fashionable society had become ashamed of appearing to frequent only Melton and Newmarket . . . . the book's fascinating style and its small bulk made it easy to carry about from country house to country house and discuss under the trees on a fine afternoon.

Amateur culture perhaps didn't cut very deep, but the amateur spirit became a conspicuous thing. Lionel Hichens, afterwards chairman of Cammell Laird, fought as a young man in the South African War, "serving mainly as a dispatch rider on missions of risk and trust." The phrase "risk and trust" is curiously suggestive of the quirks, tenacities, and absent-minded adventurism of the character which evades, with obstinate and amazing success, a professional label. Grey, "idle at Oxford," disliked politics, and was Foreign Secretary for twelve years. "I hate war! I hate war!" he cried to a friend, but supported two of them, not without a touch of ferocity, which adds a queer feeling to the fly-fishing and bird-watching, the horror of machines and melancholy pastoral gentleness of Fallodon and the

> . . . tiny cottage in a meadow by the banks of the Itchen. . . . No road led up to it: as Grey said, anyone who wanted to come there in a wheeled vehicle must come in a wheelbarrow.

Told here by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, Grey's career seems a period invention hardly less fantastic than *Peter Pan*. Leonard Rogers runs him close in fantasy, if not in eminence. "Unprofessional even among English mathematicians," yet brilliant, Rogers gave most of his time to music, and after his death the President of the Royal Society described him as

> . . . remarkable among our Fellows, in that, according to a well-informed biographer, science was to him almost distasteful.

The Emmet-like balance is amusing, but one begins to notice its evasiveness. The column is being dodged somewhere. Does it matter? A great deal was achieved but perhaps the balance seems a little too perfect. Dipping one side to eccentricity and caricature, it can be relied on to swing back to a "sort of dead centre of sanity and common-sense." When Buckle retired from the *Times* in 1912, he was described as—

> In appearance a typical Englishman of the upper classes, intellectualised and refined. In character, too, he is thoroughly English, sound and wholesome to the core, not too idealistic, inflexibly just, moderate and judicious in his views and spirit, honest as the day, and with serious and lofty views of life and duty. With these qualities were combined a robust body, a robust voice, a hearty boyish manner (concealing a certain shyness) . . . an enduring taste for an English holiday (golf or exploratory walks) . . . a preference for the well-established and a cautious welcome to the new.

Surely one could only expect from such perfection that it should stand still and be admired, never advance. The period seems to be sitting for its own ideal portrait. The perfection is the poise and the poise is a little afraid of being disturbed.

This couldn't last. Things which don't move get pushed. It's not the start of war in 1914 which one notices so much. Though that to many was a "grievous interruption," yet war in a sense puts off change, and the disintegrating dates are lesser and later. The ejection of Asquith for Lloyd George (secretly arranged at Sir Abe Bailey's house) in December 1916, the shooting at Amritsar in April 1919, the General Strike, May 1926: it's curious how many lives these seem to touch with casually sinister effects. Disorder itself was nothing new, but what one feels here is disorder getting out of hand; the classic confidence infiltrated by a frank, ferocious opportunism. Many outrages were still unprecedented. But the Arcadian platitude had failed to step out of its pose. It left us Big Ben, *The Times*, this *Dictionary*, the novels of John Buchan, to which we've added the 9 o'clock news and the King's Christmas broadcasts. It didn't leave us Abercrombie's "omnipresent Divine spirit," because its confidence was only the confidence of a rump age. Like Horatio Bottomley it "passed into want and obscurity."

GILES ROMILLY

IT REALLY WON'T DO

Ghostly Guests at Greylands School. By NORMA BRADLEY. *Stockwell.* 5*s.*
The Seven Stones Mystery. By GLADYS MITCHELL. *Evans.* 6*s.*
Sea Rangers at Sloo. By GEOFFREY PROUT. *Blackie.* 6*s.* 6*d.*
Three New Girls. By JOANNA LLOYD. *Blackie.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

There is a distressing tendency in current schoolgirl fiction to change the Headmistresses into huge, huggable woolly things that a child could safely play with. This is disastrous. Headmistresses were, and must remain, perfectly horrid. Where is the drama in Prudence borrowing the under-gardener's motor-bicycle and touching sixty on the Dymchurch road if we are not all aware that instant expulsion will follow discovery? As things are at present, Prudence will probably be given a box of peppermint creams and be allowed to sit up late and hear "that Scarlatti thing on the Third." How dismayed the lamented Miss Angela Brazil would be to see her fire and brimstone passed on as milk and water, and curdled milk at that. The next step will be child psychology and "do anything but thwart them" until we shan't know where we are. It will not do. Headmistresses must have steely blue eyes that glitter behind their pince-nez and sateen-encased bosoms that heave ceaselessly with fury and indignation. There must be no trace of weakness in them, no hint of Invalid Port in the wardrobe or box of nougat in the desk. No girl must leave their presence without immediately crying her eyes out in the boot-room: the mere sound of their rich contraltos booming down the corridors must send a chill up every spine and a heart down into every pair of plimsolls.

Despite Black Market activities beneath the premises, detectives in the shrubbery, and a generous allowance of bedressing-gowned wandering after lights out, *Ghostly Guests at Greylands* will chiefly appeal to girls who are inordinately fond of food and Irish dialogue. Pat Blake, who tirelessly supplies the latter, might be an Abbey Theatre player going all out on a Synge night: "Och but 'tis glad oi am to see you! . . . Mavourneen . . . Arrah, 'tis the brainless one I am. . . . Och ye spalpeen. . . . Acushla. . . . Sure an' it's the broth of a colleen she is," and so on. Of food ("grubbins"), every variety is copiously available: evaporated milk, toasted marshmallows, sage and onion stuffing, peanut brittle, tinned apricots. The girls do, in the end, stop eating long enough to nip through the Priest's Hole, remain underground for twenty-four hours, expose the Black Market, shin up a disused well, and retire to the Sanny, only to have a final "spalpeens" shrieked at them by what can only be Mother Machree's granddaughter. This is the ideal Christmas present for an anaemic girl whose heart is in the peat-bogs.

In *The Seven Stones Mystery* the crime-wave hits Mannerings, Cathleen Waterhouse losing her gym shoes, Annette Lovibond losing "a very nice pair of shorts," and the school losing "a gold cup set with jewels . . . rubies, diamonds, emeralds, opals, sapphires . . . a work of art unlike anything else in Europe" and which is kept in the library. The governors had tentatively suggested burglar alarms "but Miss Price wouldn't hear of it," recklessly putting her faith in the caretaker (discovered later in "a deep and unwholesome sleep"). Then Carol loses her gold watch "with the most ducky little forget-me-nots done in turquoises . . . *do* come and hunt through my bedder before lunch," and Cecilia Cummins, who loses her "very handsome" fountain-pen, is made to write out *Ode on the Death of a Mad Dog* ten times for not being more fly over her valuables. Meanwhile Joan Haslett has been sent off the hockey field for adjusting a hair-slide in the very middle of a match, and Sheila Winters, "a big, rather heavily built girl," shins smartly up the half-severed gymnasium rope and falls head first on to Miss Mattocks (admitted to hospital). This destroys the confidence of the gym team, and when "ropes" are announced in the competition "Irene's face was grey and her mouth was shaking." The Headmistress, who is "frightfully kind-hearted and grandmotherly," spends much of her time gazing at a life-sized statue of the Younger Pitt. "The governors want her to retire, but she won't."

Sea Rangers at Sloo, which comes from a male pen, will delight girls who can thrill to the salty tang of "All gone aft. . . . Bowse it down tight. . . . Let go those warps" and who are able to visualise Hilary and Mavis hooking the strop on the yard to the parrel and hauling down on the tack-line, passing it under its cleat, and sweating it taut. Among the chief characters are Miss Cheney ("Call me Skipper"), Miss Grimthorpe ("Call me Auntie") and Dagmar Freeman ("Golly, you're lovely") who works in the post-office and, discovered doing bareback somersaults in her spare time, confesses that her mother was a Polish acrobat and that she has been brought up by a "good angel" called Auntie Loo and educated by "a dear, white-haired, broken old gentleman taken on by the circus. . . . He had been a master in a school." Very likely. Dagmar is knowledgeable about dogs ("This is a Withinghoe bitch") and pigs ("Large Whites . . . they're grand bacon hogs") and is always ready to "dimple" at her friends through the wire defences at the post-office. Then, while Tess, Joan and Monica are "stoking the Sunnington," there comes news that Sir George Heaney has sunk up to his middle in the quick-sands. They fly to the rescue, "search every mud-gut," wallow about "holding up their skirts the while," leap the runnels and come across Sir George "stuck good and hearty" in Shivering Sand Hole. Dagmar, "proceeding on her stomach," reaches him ("Make human chain!") and, despite gloomy locals prognosticating that "he be gone!", Sir George is inverted and soundly resuscitated by the Schäfer method. Sir George, of course, isn't gone at all. In two pages he is breathing, in six he is arranging "transport and all expenses" for a party, in eight he is "jolly and hearty and bubbling over" and in twelve he is wearing a funny hat and dishing out blanc-mange.

To Miss Laing, the English mistress in *Three New Girls*, "Life . . . was still an adventure, and she took her girls with her, through the magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn." The seas nearer home are, however, a flat calm. Even when the girls cut a walk and treat themselves to half an hour of "sunshine and romance" in a cinema, Miss Atherton merely says "What an extremely dishonourable thing to do!" and Esmé "ignores" Audrey in the laboratory. The burglars nabbed by Lalage Stephens and Audrey are nothing but Miss Atherton and Miss Laing "taking a few turns round the courtyard." The scene in the boot-room, that centre of plottings and hissings and inconvenient appearances by the Headmistress, only discloses Lalage trying to cheer some small girl who "took every shoe off the shelf and put it back in a different place . . . that child will be brilliantly clever when she is a little older. I suppose at the moment she has some sort of shoe complex. . . . Children are very interesting." And so to the cricket-match and the worst shock of all: "If she did not like a ball she blocked it, if she did like it she hit it firm and square. She took no risks and she made the bowlers tired. . . . Jill blocked the first two balls and then made a one." No risks indeed! And of what use is a "one"? It should by rights have been a wristy six that zooms its way into the Pav. enclosure and lands on a prominent portion of Mademoiselle ("*Mon Dieu! Que je souffre! Ah but no! Zeees eees intolerable!*")

Authoresses must move with the times. I had hoped this year that at least one girl would squeeze herself into a jet-propelled aircraft ("Pam glanced at her wrist-watch and peered downwards. Jovers! Cairo already.") or be discovered spying for a Foreign Power (guess which!) The rich field of Atomic Energy remains unploughed: how would it go?

> Midnight! Thirza Proudfoot tossed back her unruly auburn mop, dabbed the last drops of hydrochloric from her sensitive fingers, turned down the Hopcraft presentation Bunsen to the merest purple flicker and, with a little sigh of pure exhaustion, flicked open her exercise book at the section marked Atoms. Brows furrowed, she deftly noted the formula and, her brain racing, proceeded with the complicated calculations. "Two and two are four and one is five" she breathed and, absorbed as she was, she missed the telltale creaking of the lab. door and the horrified gasp that succeeded it. "Thirza!" It was Miss Plantain, an imposing figure in her fawn, monogrammed wrap, her iron-grey hair caught up in a business-like snood, her sturdy feet planted firmly in her Jamaican mules, and her pitiless eyes exploring every inch of the appalled Junior. "What is this? Chemical experiments after lights out are forbidden. Did you not see the notice on Big Board?" Thirza had risen and, for what seemed an eternity, she faced the Head. Then she swayed, tottered, and with a little choking gasp of ". . . but don't you see, it was for England?" she collapsed, a tragic heap of rumpled gym-tunic and soiled blouse, on to the stained linoleum.
>
> ARTHUR MARSHALL

BOYS' BOOKS

The Sea Robbers. By FRANK CRISP. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Coaster's Mate. By WILFRID ROBERTSON. *Oxford.* 6*s.*
The Loot Runners. By P. H. NEWBY. *Lehmann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Marooned in Du Bu Cove. By EVELYN CHEESMAN. *Bell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Voyage Of The Indian Brig. By WINIFRED HOLME. *Bell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Return Of Long John Silver. By JOHN CONNELL. *Longmans.* 6*s.*
Blue Smoke. By Y. M. ROBINSON. *Oxford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Bunkle Baffles Them. By M. PARDOE. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Faraway Island. By ANGUS MCVICAR. *Foley House Press.* 6*s.*
The 13th Adventure. By M. E. ATKINSON. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Atom. By GUNBY HADATH. *Oxford.* 6*s.*
The Secret Fjord. By GEOFFREY TREASE. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Spiders' Web. By GILBERT DALTON. *Foley House Press.* 6*s.*
Ace Carew. By EDWARD R. HOME GALL. *Allen.* 6*s.*
On The World's Roof. By DOUGLAS V. DUFF. *Blackie.* 5*s.*
Cloud Island. By VERNON NOBLE. *Nelson.* 6*s.*

Here we are again, off on the annual adventure orgy. Tendencies? An alarming shortage of school stories, and more sea stories then ever. Such strange things go on in the timeless, inconsequent minds of our authors that it is difficult to know what significance to attach to this. Readability of narrative and print remain high, and there is seldom much doubt about the question which vexes the reader of adult fiction: who is doing what to whom.

We may as well begin in the middle with *The Sea Robbers*, which is exciting, straightforward, and convincing if not very probable. Dirk Rogers and his Norwegian chum, Nils, sole survivors of a contemporary pirate raid off New Guinea ("Who's worrying? Let the dogs drown!") get their revenge, reinforced by Treacle, the Negro cook, browned off after having been keel-hauled ("Where's de meat chopper?" he cried belligerently). Interlude for pearl diving. Altogether quite good value. So is *Coaster's Mate*, in which Derek Ford, "fresh from England and feeling as if all the vitality had been drained out of him," gets involved in smuggling off the coast of Portuguese East-Africa; sad to see that our oldest ally's reputation in these matters has not improved with the years. *The*

Many will welcome for Christmas the opportune reappearance of

THE NOVELS OF

JANE AUSTEN

with the text and illustrations of
R. W. CHAPMAN'S famous edition

Five volumes: *each 8s. 6d. net:* or, the five main novels, complete in two volumes, India Paper, *55s. net*

STYLE IN COSTUME

By JAMES LAVER

Illustrated *6s. net*

A witty and authoritative commentary on the parallelisms to be found in many periods between dress and the designs current in architecture and interior decoration.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Booksellers and Publishers
By Appointment to H.M. Queen Mary

BATSFORD BOOKS

ENGLISH TOWN CRAFTS
By NORMAN WYMER
"A well-illustrated volume about silversmiths, glass-blowers, violin makers, cordwainers, hatters, and other experts . . . The writer has amassed a thousand absorbing facts . . ." *Western Independent.*
Demy 8vo 15s. net

MAPS AND MAP MAKERS
By R. V. TOOLEY
"It should be stressed that this is not merely a book for collectors, connoisseurs and dealers . . . it is of real general interest." *Bolton Evening News.*
"A pretty, authoritative volume." *Evening Standard*
Crown 4to 30s. net

ENGLISH WATER COLOURS
(*Iris Colour Book*)
"Both for the quality of the reproduction work, and the felicity of Mr. Binyon's commentary, the volume is quite the finest thing of its kind that I have seen."
Charles E. Byles in *The Illustrated London News.*
Small folio New impression 21s. net

ASHCOMBE
The Story of a fifteen Years' Lease
By CECIL BEATON
Ashcombe in Wiltshire was Cecil Beaton's home from 1930 to 1945. Many illustrations from photographs and drawings by the author and from drawings by Rex Whistler.
Demy 8vo 15s. net

Growing Up into Revolution
MARGARET COLE
The autobiography of one of the outstanding women of our time. Her varied story illustrates the enormous social change through which Britain has passed in half a century, and it contains reminiscences of many of the pioneers of the English labour movement.
Recommended by the Book Society. 15s. *net*

The Italian Left
W. HILTON-YOUNG
An account of the growth of Socialism and Communism from the middle of the nineteenth century up to the fall of Nenni last year. The book, which is the first in English to deal with the subject, provides a valuable study of the political problems of the Italian people. 15s. *net*

FICTION

Not In Our Stars
EDWARD HYAMS
Carrying out research work among fruit-farmers in Kent, a young scientist stumbles upon a terrible discovery. Uncertainty turns to suspense, and suspense to alarm, as the full possibilities of the situation become understood. It is, in fact, a most unusual theme; and the author's handling of it has resulted in a novel which will add new strength to his reputation. 9s. 6d. *net*

LONGMANS

From Macmillan's Christmas List

★

Rebecca West
THE MEANING OF TREASON
"Her brilliant reportings of the English treason trials." *Sunday Times.* 2nd Impression. 18s. net

Gen. W. Anders
AN ARMY IN EXILE
"The best war book that has yet been published by any Allied commander." SIR ROBT. BRUCE LOCKHART (*Sunday Times*). 2nd Impression. 21s. net

★

Charles Morgan
his new novel
THE RIVER LINE
"A subtle and beautiful book. . . The craftsmanship is admirable, the tension superbly tightened, and the love affair enchantingly told." HOWARD SPRING (*Sunday Graphic*).
"One of his very best novels, the best since *The Fountain* and *Portrait in a Mirror*." SYLVIA LYND (*Bookman*). 8s. 6d. net

★

Mazo de la Roche
the new Jalna novel
MARY WAKEFIELD
10s. 6d. net

★

Osbert Sitwell
a new collection of stories
DEATH OF A GOD
"Sir Osbert passes on to us his sense of things, and he makes no concession to the doctrine that the quality of living must defer to the spirit of the age." *Manchester Guardian.* 8s. 6d. net

★

Walter Macken
a powerful new novel
I AM ALONE
This novel, by the author of *Quench the Moon*, contrasts two young Irishmen against the foreign background of pre-war London. Mr. Macken fulfils the promise of his first novel. 9s. 6d. net

Loot Runners is more subtle and equivocal, as one might expect from Mr. Newby. The writing is clear and little mournful, like bog water, reminiscent of superior boys' books of bygone generations. There is plenty of action, with a semi-crazy gang of jewel-smugglers hi-jacking a yacht belonging to a surprisingly healthy-minded Egyptian Pasha, and a certain diffusion of interest.

Marooned in Du Bu Cove combines adventure with instruction. The family of Dr. Lindsay, headed by fourteen-year-old Nixie ("Jealous of the twins? Oh, Dad, I couldn't be. They're such darlings."),are shipwrecked in New Guinea and fend for themselves with much anthropological expertise: "I want a bract to make a fishing trap." "Well, you know how to get one." The author is an expert entomologist and throws in plenty of zoological lore. Well written and quite fresh, it is rather as if the Swiss Family Robinson had been brought up to date for the London School of Economics. *The Voyage of the Indian Brig* starts with Timothy and Jane feeling languid, sticky and bored on the Malabar coast—much too hot for them. Accompanied by an Indian boy, Raja Menon, they go for a voyage in a rickety sailing ship whose skipper is completely won over by Jane's tact: "Clever girl," said Capt. Thomas approvingly, "I confess a drink of water is what I want more than anything else at the moment!"

Mr. Connell's temerity in attempting a sequel to Treasure Island leaves one gasping, but *The Return of Long John Silver* comes off better than might have been expected. It is good pastiche of Stevenson and full of excitement even if it lacks the electric tingle of its model.

Holiday adventures next: *Blue Smoke* begins cosily with the voyage out (why in an American ship?), but is really Toby's experiences on his uncle's farm in Rhodesia where he chums up with a Zulu outlaw. Moderately well written, and very sound on the negro problem.

Islands are popular as ever. *Bunkle Baffles Them* in the Orkneys. This is agreeably Edwardian in flavour—"Colonel de Salis looked over the top of his paper and smiled at his pretty daughter"—despite helicopters. Miss Pardoe has talent; Bunkle is a real character. In *Faraway Island* Sandy and Jill are left an island off the West Coast of Scotland by eccentric Uncle Hector. He also leaves instructions that the natives are to test the children's characters. Readable but immensely didactic. In *The 13th Adventure* Jane and Bill spend an oblique holiday at Aunt Lavinia's seaside cottage with a queer boy, a displaced aesthete named Caspar de Gauvain. Once again smugglers provide the test of character.

Interlude for the only school story in the batch: *The Atom*, by that veteran Kafka of the Shell, Mr. Gunby Hadath. This is a story of high, if slightly oblique, moral purpose, about a tiny boy carrying all before him at one of those adorable schools that never were by land or sea, where everybody is so delightfully kind.

Only two historical novels. In *The Secret Fjord* Roger and Jill Shelford, children of a medieval master mason, have good adventures in Yorkshire and Norway. Mr. Trease blends excitement and a sound economic interpretation of history with his usual skill; the solidest book in the batch. *The Spider's Web* is a lively Regency adventure featuring Tom and Rodney Chester and Dr. Foxwell's Academy at Banbury.

Lastly, the air thrillers, villainously crude but full of hideous significance, and not in the least exaggerated or improbable. In *Ace Carew* Mike waits with gritted teeth, pinned helplessly to a winged rocket. In *On The World's Roof* Roger Sturdee—brought up in Tibet and speaks both dialects to perfection—is parachuted there to track down "top-ranking Nazi scientists and leaders whose fates have never been satisfactorily explained . . . The dangers of atomic bombardment from Tibet are tremendous." And in *Cloud Island*, Tim, Peter and Bob land their Halifax bomber, "of which the Lester Flying Club was the proud possessor," on a solid cloud that turns out to be Nazi-occupied. And so we go on.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

THE YOUNG NATURALIST

Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia, Vol. II: Natural History. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The Young Naturalist. By SIR JOHN BUCHAN-HEPBURN. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Every Child's Book of Pets. By J. BENTLEY AISTROP. *Dobson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

King Cuckoo. By D. H. CHAPMAN. *Pleiades Books.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Animal Inn. By VIRGINIA MOE. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Snow Dog. By JIM ELGARD. *Lehmann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Oxford University Press is publishing an encyclopaedia for the young, of which Volume Two, dealing with Natural History, has now been issued. The complete work, when all its thirteen volumes have appeared, will obviously take the place of the familiar ten-volume *Children's Encyclopaedia* edited by Arthur Mee. Those who were brought up on that typical product of Edwardian England will, perhaps, look at this typical product of a less leisurely age with mixed feelings. To begin with, this, like most adult encyclopaedias, is primarily a work of reference. Its place will be on the school-room shelf, and it will not be read to tatters in bed or on the hearth-rug as its predecessor was. The brief articles are arranged alphabetically, and the numerous illustrations, photographs and line-drawings, are workmanlike and unromantic. There is too, as one would naturally expect, a difference of outlook and of emphasis. Arthur Mee, in the spirit of the early twentieth century, went in for Evolution in a wholehearted and expansive way—never doubting it as a fact, and even deriving from it evidence of personal immortality. The Oxford volume, in the few words it gives to the subject, refers to Evolution, very properly but sceptically, as a "supposition," and gives as chief reason for believing in it the "highly incredible" demands of the Creation theory—though goodness knows why anyone should find Creation less credible than Evolution, least of all a child unsaturated in the *zeitgeist* of the last hundred years. For the rest, the articles on the various animals and plants are lucid, informative, and well-proportioned, conveying in from 200 to 2,000 words an enormous range of facts—from the almost incredible life-history of the Large, Blue butterfly to the anatomical anomalies of the Turtle-tortoise tribe.

The *Junior Encyclopaedia* is admirably systematic. Sir John Buchan-Hepburn's book can only be described as chaotic. Sir John's style—old-world pedantic, descending to old-fashioned colloquial—takes one back long before Arthur Mee. His opinions, or some of them, take one back long before Linnaeus. "Dragonflies, Grasshoppers, and Earwigs," he says, "are not true insects. These creatures are lumped into a family all together called Neuroptera": which is all about as wildly inaccurate as it well could be—the animals referred to being, of course, true insects, and none of them belonging to the order Neuroptera. He goes on to assure his readers that insects do not "breathe through their mouths as we do"—which will pass for truth—but he then gives a quite misleading account of insect metamorphosis. The book is thrown together higgledy-piggledy and there is no index. The strangest thing about it is that it is introduced with an encomium by Mr. Brian Vesey-FitzGerald, himself a good field-naturalist to whom the editors of the Oxford Encyclopaedia express their indebtedness.

Every Child's Book of Pets is exactly what its title would lead one to expect—unpretentious, chatty, humane, telling you what to do in all emergencies, even when your fish suffers from constipation. The pets dealt with range from Stick Insects to Monkeys. The book is illustrated with uncommonly good photographs and some useful diagrams.

King Cuckoo is a work of fiction based on the known life-history and habits of the Cuckoo. But, though the framework seems, to one who is not an ornithologist, tolerably accurate, the superstructure is very much a flight of fancy, and the book must be placed in a different and, on the whole, inferior category to those of Thompson Seton or Henry Williamson. To the eye of a naturalist, the illustrations are a misfortune.

The *Animal Inn* of Miss Virginia Moe's title is really the Trailside Museum of Natural History near the shores of Lake Michigan. This institution is not a museum as we understand the word, but rather a mixture between a Zoo and a Pets' Hospital—and it is only one of many such at present established in the National Parks of the United States. It is very largely run, under grown-up supervision, by children or, as they like to be called, junior assistants. "At any time, especially during the summer, there may be new arrivals. To receive a box and to be the very first to open it and look in is always an exciting experience. Imagine seeing a baby weasel or a saucy young skunk for the first time! Someone has to find the right cage, the right kind of nest-box, and all of the other things, such as branches and leaves or sand and sawdust, that we call "cage furnishings." All this means work for several junior assistants, who try very hard to make the new guest feel at home in the kind of surroundings that best reproduce his original way of living." It all sounds great fun for the junior assistants, and one hopes and supposes it isn't too bad for the "new arrivals." Miss Moe's book, in any case, in its story of the various inmates of her "museum," conveys a sense of patience, understanding, and affection, and can be strongly recommended to children for whom the Thompson Seton books are still rather "old."

With *Snow Dog* we are back in the atmosphere, not easily recaptured, of *White Fang* and *The Call of the Wild*. Mr. Jim Elgard writes extraordinarily well with a vivid, swift economy; and it is quite obvious that he knows at first hand what he is writing about: "The ring of grey wolves rose eagerly, anxiously, ready to come in and tear their own defeated leader to bits. But Chiri limped to the body of the black wolf and reared with his paws upon it. He looked toward the grey pack and it subsided. A new leader had come." The pathetic fallacy is inherent in all animal stories, but in this one there is no sentimentality. *Snow Dog* is one of the few books that any parent will enjoy reading aloud. It is well illustrated with black and white drawings.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

THE POST-WAR TRAVELLER

The Children of Thetis. By CHRISTOPHER KININMONTH. *Lehmann.* 15*s.*

White Stranger. By HARRY WILCOX. *Collins.* 16*s.*

Travels in Ethiopia. By DAVID BUXTON. *Lindsay Drummond.* 18*s.*

In a preface to his collected travel pieces, published some five years ago, Mr. Evelyn Waugh brilliantly summed-up his generation's attitude to travel. "I never aspired to being a great traveller. I was simply a young man, typical of my age; we travelled as a matter of course. I rejoice that I went when the going was good." They were days, as Mr. Waugh says, when Mr. Peter Fleming went to the Gobi Desert, Mr. Graham Greene to the Liberian hinterland, Robert Byron to the ruins of Persia. "We turned our backs," continued Mr. Waugh, "on civilisation. Had we known, we might have lingered with 'Palinurus'; had we known all that seeming-solid, patiently built, gorgeously ornamented structure of Western life was to melt overnight like an ice-castle, leaving only a puddle of mud; had we known, man even then was leaving his post." Mr. Waugh goes on to paint a frightening picture of any possible new generation of travellers. Some, able to please public authorities, may get abroad in

CHATTO & WINDUS

London is London

D. M. LOW

"Far the best anthology of prose and verse about London I have seen; exceedingly clever and telling line drawings by Edward Bawden"

—John Betjeman. 10s. 6d.

Soviet Genetics and World Science

JULIAN HUXLEY

"Recommended to all who are not satisfied with pre-conceived opinions and who wish to do straight and unbiased thinking"

—Professor H. J. Muller. 8s. 6d.

Merchantman Rearmed

SIR DAVID BONE

"Astonishing record — combines the accuracy of a ship's log with descriptive power of a good novelist"

—Manchester Guardian. 21s

The Stumbling-Stone

AUBREY MENEN

The new satire by the author of *The Prevalence of Witches.* 'I thoroughly enjoyed it'—*Evelyn Waugh.* *9s. 6d.*

The Running of the Tide

ESTHER FORBES

A distinguished historical novel set in the hey-day of the clipper ships.

530 pages. 12s. 6d.

Young William Washbourne

HUMPHREY PAKINGTON

A charming comedy of Edwardian manners in the same vein as *The Washbournes of Otterley.* *8s. 6d.*

Zodiac Press

Both *Mansfield Park* and *The Last Chronicle of Barset* are now available.

Don't forget the two-shilling series of ZODIAC BOOKS, with twelve delightful titles to choose from; ask your bookseller to show them to you.

Ready next week

MILITARY ATTACHE IN MOSCOW

Major-General RICHARD HILTON, D.S.O., M.C., was Military Attache in Moscow, 1947-48. This is no diplomatic diary, however, but an impression of the life of the ordinary citizen under Soviet rule.

10s.6d.

THE GREEK SEDITION

In a brilliant survey, F. A. VOIGT discusses the origins, the history and the significance of the Civil War in Greece. On many disputed points his first-hand observations are of particular value.

10s.6d.

HOLLIS & CARTER

FRANCOIS MAURIAC

The Desert of Love

together with 'The Enemy' (Le Mal)

Translated by Gerard Hopkins

"*Two novels by one of the greatest living masters.*"

10/6 ANTONIA WHITE (N. S. & N.)

ANTHONY WEST

On a Dark Night

"*A formidable work of imagination . . fearlessness . . vividness . . accomplishment and vision.*"

10/6 net ELIZABETH BOWEN (Tatler)

MERVYN PEAKE

Treasure Island

R. L. STEVENSON

"*There is no doubt that Peake's drawings give a point that R. L. S. himself would have relished.*"

Belfast Telegraph

30 full-page plates and many smaller drawings

10/6 net

DOROTHY HAWKSLEY

The Story of Jesus

A CHILD'S ILLUSTRATED GOSPEL

"*A splendid way of introducing children to the story of Jesus.*" Sheffield Telegraph

A full-colour frontispiece and 120 black and white illustrations. 7/6 net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

JONATHAN CAPE

offers

The Emperor Charles V

25s. (illus.) KARL BRANDI

The Last Attachment

25s. (illus.) IRIS ORIGO

[*Published with John Murray*]

A History of France

25s. ANDRÉ MAUROIS

The Elizabethan House of Commons

18s. (illus.) J. E. NEALE

For Highbrow & Lowbrow

BOOKS for Christmas

Pipes of Peace

9s. 6d. SAGITTARIUS

Once Upon a Time

12s. 6d. VAUGHAN WILKINS

The Young Lions

15s. IRWIN SHAW

Ceremony of Innocence

9s. 6d. ELIZABETH WEBSTER

In a Harbour Green

9s. 6d. BENEDICT KIELY

A Spell for Old Bones

9s. ERIC LINKLATER

JONATHAN CAPE

"cultural relations"; others, "like Wandervogels of the Weimar period" may, rucksacked and short-trousered, join the restless legions of refugees and deserters; a few might work their passage on some kind of "reciprocal Strength-through-Joy, *dopo-lavoro* system in selected areas." "I shall not" ends Mr. Waugh, "by my own wish, be among them."

The landscapes of the post-war world have been like some kind of mental surgery whose every property, however apparently appealing, turned out to be functional and sinister. The would-be traveller, hedged in with restrictions, guilt and conditions, has only recently begun to move with any certainty over a continent lately inhabited by D.P.'s. His reports are beginning to come in, not perhaps as in Mr. Waugh's day, "in batches of four or five a week," but still in appreciable numbers.

How like, then, to Mr. Waugh's prophetic portrait is this typical new traveller? In general, I think, he travels like someone temporarily paralysed learning to use his legs again. The process of balance, of gaining equilibrium, he feels is perhaps best practised nearer the antique springs of life, the original sources of society. The "condemned playground" of Europe, dying of its own beauty, possibly to survive in a rejuvenated but cruder state, becomes a springboard to islands, to Africa, to the East. There, possibly, the wound is not yet septic. "If we can comprehend an island we shall understand life" writes Mr. Kininmonth from the Aegean. "I would give much to know whether man was in his youth a sweeter and more wholesome creature. It came to me in my Toraja days and nights that indeed he had been." So muses Mr. Wilcox at the end of his search for innocence in the Celebes. Mr. Buxton, a biologist, hazards no such unequivocal motives for his travels in Ethiopia. But probably he would not answer very differently. At any rate, the common denominators of travel seem to be a desire to begin again, to retrace man's steps from Paradise to slum; to drink again from classic or primitive cultures; to escape from the iron-lung of Europe. A generation ago people travelled to get rid of jaded palates. Today they try to revive the muscles of pleasure, to release the psychotic grip. It is an exercise in mnemotechny.

Mr. Kininmonth's account of the Aegean islands is the smoothest of these three books, none of which is quite first-class. Mr. Kininmonth describes each of the islands in turn—Syria, Santorini, Naxos, Aegina, Crete—with a tasteful admixture of history, myth, geography and social customs. He is very informative and civilised, but somehow a little pedestrian. Mr. Kininmonth lacks, I think, the poet's eye: that is to say he cannot describe things in terms of other things with a feeling of unexpected exactness. His prose lulls but never arrests, and his generalisations, while usually sensible do not quite strike home. More precision, more atmosphere, a fixed point of narrative and a map would have made *The Children of Thetis* something more than the competent but rather unexciting book it is. *White Stranger* is altogether more naively and simply written, but it has an immediacy and vividness which *The Children of Thetis* never quite attains. Mr. Wilcox spent his first six post-war months in the Celebes, a Dutch island a thousand miles east of Singapore. *White Stranger* is an unpretentious account of the habits, feasts, rites and customs of the Torajas, inhabitants of the island's interior. It is the first book in English on a tribe (until recently head-hunters) about whom, according to Mr. Wilcox, such venerable reference books as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and *Peoples of South-East Asia* are not only woefully misinformed but gratuitously beastly. At any rate Mr. Wilcox recreates the Torajas, their manners, country, food and climate as so utterly charming that the balance should be well redressed. Mr. Wilcox's own character, apart from a few discreet hints about what he is reading, remains vague and shadowy, but his book is full of feeling, interest and devotion. The following extract may give an idea of its peculiar charm:

> It is strange for the Westerner, with his restricted and not quite accurate idea of the word *sarong*, to note its frequent use by the Malay peoples in names for European articles which they do not generally use. A glove is a hand's sarong, a sock a foot's sarong, and an envelope a letter's sarong. The most familiar of Malthusian appliances has also been named in that way.

Mr. Buxton's *Travels in Ethiopia* is predominantly a picture-book, with a short textual commentary. The prose contains a couple of chapters on geography and history, journal accounts of visits to Harar (where some 75 years ago M. Rimbaud was agent to an Aden firm of merchants), Arussi and Shoa, as well as brief notes on birds, animals and plants. Mr. Buxton travelled widely on locust research and presumably most of his notes were of only technical interest. The present text is therefore rather jerky and fragmentary, and by far its most interesting chapter, that on Ethiopian Rock-Hewn Churches, is printed as an appendix at the end. But what Mr. Buxton has to say about these churches, the earliest of which, at Debra Dama, dates from about the sixth century and can only be reached by climbing a rope up a rock-face, alone makes his book worth reading. The reproductions of details from the Old Trinity Church, Addis Ababa, are exciting in their effectiveness as are nearly all of Mr. Buxton's photographs. All three of these books, incidentally, are excellently produced.

ALAN ROSS

BROWNED OFF

Military Attaché in Moscow. By MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD HILTON. *Hollis & Carter.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No one, in all fairness, could blame General Hilton, who was British Military Attaché in Moscow in 1947 and 1948, for having written this very, very angry little book. After the breakdown of the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Moscow in May 1947 the tension between Russia and the West became particularly acute, and the second half of the year was marked by such characteristic events as the first Cominform meeting, virtually declaring "cold war" on the West, and the publication, in Russia, of new security laws concerning "economic espionage," and so on. The position of foreigners in Moscow became increasingly difficult; travel facilities were reduced to a minimum and often simply refused, and contacts with Russians, except strictly official contacts, were sternly discouraged. To demonstrate to the Soviet public the wickedness, immorality and evil intentions of foreigners, the Soviet authorities, in the winter of 1947–48, gave enormous publicity to two otherwise trivial court cases, but both involving minor employees of the British Embassy; one was a black market case, the other a "pox case."

Even greater prominence was given to the "case" of General Hilton, the Military Attaché, about whom the press one day published a fantastic-sounding story, in which vigilant Soviet citizens were shown catching red-handed an individual wearing a tattered sheepskin coat, and taking photographs of a military objective. On closer investigation this character, posing as a Russian peasant, turned out to be General Hilton. Hilton was thereupon caricatured in *Krokodil*, lampooned at the circus by Moscow's most popular clown, and became, in short, Moscow's Pet Spy. It is pretty clear from General Hilton's account of the affair that it was all a frame-up by the police, and that both the camera and the sheepskin fancy-dress were pure fabrications; on three occasions he asked to be searched for the alleged camera, but the Russians conveniently declined on the ground that they wouldn't dream of breaking the sacred laws of diplomatic immunity. Later, there was a worse incident when, during a country walk, General Hilton was drawn into an argument by a police thug, after which the local villagers, egged on by the fellow, proceeded to kick and punch the general, and might even have lynched him but for his presence of mind. The strong protest made by the Embassy to Mr. Molotov produced nothing but a curt reply seven weeks later, in which Mr. Molotov claimed that Hilton had threatened a Soviet citizen with a penknife. General Hilton argues that if the Russians had really thought him a dangerous spy, they would have asked for his recall; but this they did not do, and even continued to invite him to parades and receptions. He was serving a purpose for Soviet home propaganda, and if he left Russia in May 1948 it was entirely at his own request.

There was, however, one reason why the Russians had a special down on General Hilton; he liked going for long walks to "study social conditions," as he himself puts it. He would "investigate" the grubby side streets and suburbs of Moscow, or take his car to some outlying village, and examine "social conditions" there. Actually, he does not seem to have entered any houses, or talked to many people (his knowledge of Russian was somewhat limited), but he looked at the outside of the houses and at people's clothes. One may seriously doubt whether his method of investigation of "social conditions" was really a very sound one; nor is it quite clear why it should have been the job of the Military Attaché to spend so much time on looking at "slums." It is, indeed, disappointing to find that in a book called *Military Attaché in Moscow* he should tell us practically nothing about the Russian army—or was that a triumph of Soviet security?—and should, instead, fill up all its two hundred-odd pages with stories of his misadventures, with his "impressions" of social conditions in Russia, and with amateurish discussions on Communism and Marxism.

The war is scarcely mentioned, and the Moscow he describes is not related to anything at all. Everything is merely drab and horrible:

> One cannot escape anywhere in Moscow from the ubiquitous air of dreary sadness and ugliness . . . squalid neglect. . . . One never sees a decently dressed man or woman, or a cheerful or smiling face. . . . The poorer working classes can still purchase practically nothing that makes life worth living. . . . They go about their daily drudgery clad in old rags. . . . Faces listless and expressionless. . . . A life spent much too near the starvation line . . . . Clothes only fit for a scarecrow. . . .

As for the peasants, they are just as wretched as the town-dwellers:

> . . . Little difference between them and the inmates of a concentration camp. Daily round of work from dawn till dusk on a totally inadequate diet. . . . A life of squalor, monotony and constant terror . . . . When they become too old and too ill to serve the State, they just have to starve and die.

And then, on pages 158–59, there comes a superb explanation of how collective farms work in Russia; a mere pittance is left to the peasants, while all the rest of the output goes to the State, "that is, to the Communist Party, who represent only 1 per cent. of the population." This, as the French would say, is a somewhat *simpliste* explanation—apart from the fact that there are not two million C.P. members in Russia, as General Hilton says, but six million.

The rest of the General's economic and philosophic chapters are rather on the same level. In describing the 247 beggars whom he counted (what a spy job!) outside the Novodevichi Church in Moscow, he argues that these wretches certainly "do not receive according to their needs—which seems one more instance of the discrepancy between Communist theory and practice." The General does not seem to have grasped, in the course of his Marxist studies, the somewhat elementary fact that Russia has not reached the stage of full Communism, when everyone receives "according to his need," and that no Soviet leader has ever claimed that she had.

There are many other singular suggestions in the book—for instance that the aged in the towns received no ration cards *whatsoever*; or that soldiers who have served with the Red Army abroad are sent to Siberia for purification and political re-education; or that "all books of pre-revolutionary Russian authors are kept away from the people, except those which paint Tsarist

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

J. B. Priestley
DELIGHT

"Among men of letters, he more than any of his contemporaries seems to have achieved the status of a national figure." ROBERT LYND in *New Statesman and Nation.* 10s. 6d.

W. Somerset Maugham
A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK

"....From the beginning to the end it manifests a lively and sympathetic intelligence, and the practised hand of a master-craftsman." MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE in *The Daily Telegraph.* 12s. 6d.

John Masefield
ON THE HILL

"The reader will find here, as of old, the gleam, the quick evocation, the gift of story-telling unmatched in our day." J. C. TREWIN in *The Observer.* 8s. 6d.

Sir Patrick Hastings
CASES IN COURT

A great advocate tells of his best cases. Fully illustrated. Just Published. 15s.

Noel Coward
PLAY PARADE

Volume 1 of his collected plays contains: Cavalcade, Bitter Sweet, The Vortex, Hay Fever, Private Lives, Post-Mortem, and Design for Living. 12s. 6d.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON
Andre Mikhelson

This frank, gay autobiography tells how a Prodigal Son squanders his father's fortune in the luxury resorts of Europe. Those who have tasted the pleasures of life in imagination will find entertainment in these riotous reminiscences. 626 *pages.* 18s.

SINUHE THE EGYPTIAN
Mika Waltari

A large scale novel of imperial Egypt in peace and war in the days of Pharaoh Akhnaton and Tutankhamon. "For addicts of historical novels, strongly recommended."—C. P. Snow, SUNDAY TIMES. 503 *pages.* 12s. 6d.

THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP
Nat Fleischer

An informal history of heavyweight boxing from 1719 to 1949, by the editor of *THE RING* magazine. The big fights, the humorous and tragic anecdotes, the whole panorama of boxing, are here brought together. *Over* 60 *pictures.* 15s.

PUTNAM

Bennett Cerf
Anything for a Laugh

With over two hundred hilarious pages, madly illustrated by O'Connor Barrett, we are afraid that this book will go the same way as the author's previous one—*Try and Stop Me*—and sell out on publication.

Demy 8vo 8/6 net

Jack Aistrop
Pretend I am a Stranger

A new novel by the author of *The Lights Are Low.* There is a humanity about Mr. Aistrop's work which makes the style fit the subject, and he explores the emotionally distorted minds of his characters with compassion and understanding.

327 *pages* 10/6 net

Curt Sachs
A Short History of World Music

"Only a man of the deep wisdom of Professor Sachs could reach such a degree of simplification . . . an indispensable and in many ways highly personal book, a "must" for the library"—*NOTES*

400 *pages* 16 *plates* 18/- net

Our Winter List is available from
12 Park Place : St. James's : SW1

Lady Kennet
SELF-PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

Book Society Recommendation

These pages from the *Diaries and Memoirs* of Lady Kennet, who was wife of Captain Scott of the Antarctic and, later, of Lord Kennet, reveal a rare artistic genius and a remarkable personality. *Illustrated* 21s. *net*

Kenneth Clark
LANDSCAPE INTO ART

"What a wealth of observation; what breadth of view; what ease of style. Paragraph after paragraph will inevitably find a place in anthologies of criticism of the visual arts, and it is hard to imagine better characterisations of certain artists than he provides."—*The Observer. Many Illustrated* 25s. *net*

Osbert Lancaster
DRAYNEFLETE REVEALED

"One of Mr. Lancaster's happiest efforts. He has lost none of his eye for architectural detail, and his social accuracy borders on the macabre."—*The Times. Lavishly Illustrated* 8s. 6d. *net*

Daniele Varè
THE TWO IMPOSTORS

"A delightful and well-anecdoted and portraited exhibition of private diplomacy."—*Daily Express. Illustrated.* 18s. *net*

Viscount Mersey, P.C.
THE VICEROYS AND GOVERNORS-GENERAL OF INDIA, 1757-1947

"Lord Mersey has fulfilled his task with distinction, including with each biographical study an illustration of the subject. His history is sound."—*Daily Telegraph.* An authoritative book on a subject of special topical interest. *Illustrated.* 16s. *net*

Harold Ingrams, C.M.G.
SEVEN ACROSS THE SAHARA

A spirited account of a car journey the author made with six female companions across France and the Sahara to the Gold Coast. *Illustrated.* 18s. *net*

Kenneth Harris
TRAVELLING TONGUES

Debating across America

Preface by **Arthur Bryan**, LL.D.

"Our imaginary picture of America and Americans is altered and enlarged in all kinds of ways . . . as intelligent as it is entertaining."—*The Times.* 8s. 6d. *net*

Mary Hopkirk
NOBODY WANTED SAM

The Story of the Unwelcomed Child, 1530-1948

A fully detailed history of Society's attempts to deal with the unwanted child. By the author of "*Queen Adelaide.*" *Illustrated.* 15s. *net*

Michael Gareth Llewelyn
TO FAME UNKNOWN

A novel of simple Welsh mining folk and the influence of tragedy and disaster on their lives. 10s. 6d. *net*

JOHN MURRAY

society in the blackest hue," and so on. Does the General happen to know how many copies of *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, or Pushkin have been printed in recent years? Why do generals so often write on subjects with which they are not familiar? On the rouble conversion of 1947 he also gets his facts wrong. Finally, General Hilton says that in many ways Nazi Germany was preferable to Soviet Russia, and that the Western Powers must be really tough with the Russians and present them with drastic demands "before it is too late."

Occasionally the General seems to become aware of his limitations, for instance when, at one point, he plaintively remarks: "Never, during the whole of my stay in Russia, was I invited officially to visit *anything at all*, except cocktail parties and big ceremonial parades." In the circumstances the Russians can hardly complain if he limited his research to backyards. For his own part, however, the General did not take much trouble either—*e.g.* to inquire just what were the economic consequences of the war and of the 1946 drought on everyday life, or just why there was such a disastrous housing situation in Moscow. It was hardly scholarly to blame "Communism" for everything, and certainly wrong to suggest that there is more "misery and squalor" in Russia than in India or the Middle East. The net outcome of this angry but naive little book is really little more than this rather comic tit-for-tat: on the one hand, the tattered sheepskin coat, and on the other, the whole of Russia in scarecrow rags.

ALEXANDER WERTH

THE NAKED SICKNESS

Intimate Journals. By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. Translated by Christopher Isherwood, with an introduction by W. H. Auden. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

This is the revised version of the translation, that first appeared in a limited edition in 1930, of some of Baudelaire's more famous prose writings. It includes *Fusées*, which must, to judge from a reference to the poet's age on page 18, have been composed about 1851 although Mr. Isherwood does not mention this fact; *Mon coeur mis à nu*, begun about 1859; and *Choix de maximes consolants sur l'amour*, juvenile reflections never pressed beyond the stage of notes. The whole volume is fragmentary, sliced into self-contained paragraphs consisting in some cases of a sentence each. This does not make for light reading. Every sentence is a pill requiring hours of quiet digestion before it works, that must be swallowed if love and lust and virtue are to be understood. Those who have been taking the pills regularly since childhood will find them still efficacious: for, like all great literature, the *Journaux intimes* will have changed for them and grown more potent with every emotional crisis in their own lives. The fortunate ones who open this book for the first time will see their dissatisfaction reflected in its pages. Only the corrupt, or fully grown-up, who have formed a crust of habit around frailty, are recommended to leave it alone.

These random sentiments may seem perplexingly familiar to new readers of Baudelaire's prose as well as to addicts, since they have indeed become the common stock of ideas. We hear them repeated so often in such glib paraphrases that it requires an effort to appreciate how noble and how outrageous they must once have sounded. The more straightforward ones have been converted into platitudes for philistines to brood over; others, more refined, were appropriated and exploited by clever young men for half-a-century and have now sunk to the level of *chichi*. It is a moral duty to return periodically to the agony of the French poet, to trace back this now too smooth flow of lamentation to its source in real suffering. It is a most moving experience to discover that smart paradoxes and exquisite maladjustments originated in this cry from the heart.

We should be foolish to regard Baudelaire as a decadent simply because some phrases tinged with autumn became the decadents' gospel: phrases such as "the more a man cultivates the arts the less he fornicates," or "the sole and supreme pleasure in love lies in the absolute knowledge of doing *evil*," or "I have found a definition of the Beautiful, of my own conception of the Beautiful. It is something intense and sad, something a little vague, leaving scope for conjecture." It is inevitable that beneath the glare of his originality some of the more delicate flowers in his garden should wilt before their time. He was really living in the July of an artistic revolution when, in its high flight from Lamartine to Verlaine, literature had to touch down on bare facts to muster enough power to complete the course. By pessimism, by drenching himself in the spleen of Paris, he did not hasten the end of private writing, he gave it a new lease of life, just as his contemporary Courbet with his coarse rocks delayed the moment when landscape-paintings dissolved into air and light. Whatever aestheticism or "naughtiness" we trace back to Baudelaire is perceived through the tinted spectacles of the nineties. Although a diary lends itself all too willingly to Beautiful Thoughts, there is never a hint of preciosity in his solemn pronouncements. Hard-won honesty—and no man ever took more pains to find himself out—was the only master he served. When he scribbled below one of the self-portraits reproduced in this edition the words: "*ici, la bouche est meilleure*," he meant "more like" (hence probably more hideous), not "better drawn"; and when he wrote in *My Heart Laid Bare*: "to work is less wearisome than to amuse oneself," we are inclined to be more affected by its sincerity and by its tragic application to his own life than by its epigrammatic punch.

Mr. Isherwood cannot be blamed for failure to recapture in his translation that fusion between crispness and sonority that informs the original. He has done his best with the intractable language.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

SHORT STORIES

Encounters. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Intimacy. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. *Peter Nevill.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The World is a Wedding. By DELMORE SCHWARTZ. *Lehmann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Boy With a Trumpet. By RHYS DAVIES. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Tomato Cain. By NIGEL KNEALE. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It is nearly thirty years ago since *Encounters* was first published, and Miss Bowen in her preface to the new edition and in her introduction to *Tomato Cain*, a first book by a young man of twenty-six, reflects most interestingly on the development of the short story during those three decades. The justice of these reflections on the change of viewpoint and form is fully supported as one passes from M. Sartre, whose *Intimacy* was first published in 1939, through Mr. Schwartz who is preoccupied with the nineteen-thirties and Mr. Davies who has been established for over ten years, to the latest recruit, Mr. Kneale. But far more important, in my opinion, is the contrast between the stories of British writers—Mr. Rhys Davies and Mr. Kneale, a Manxman, forbid the use of "English"—and those of M. Sartre and the American poet, Mr. Schwartz; a contrast which is, in the last resort, much to the detriment of British writing. And on this aspect it is significant that Miss Bowen is only an unconscious commentator.

Only one of the stories in *Encounters* foreshadows the contribution which their author was later to make. In *Coming Home* we have one of those pictures of a sudden and changing mood in which Miss Bowen excels; it is, I think, in this respect a forerunner of some of her finest stories like *Attractive Modern Homes*, and it is of interest to learn that it alone in the collection is autobiographical. But if the stories in themselves do not exceed the modest claims which the author makes for them, taken in conjunction with the preface, they throw great light on her literary standpoint. "The decision to fall back upon the short story, on the part of a young person who was a poet *manqué*," she writes, "would to-day seem obvious."

This suggests the acceptance of a lyricism of approach within which the intellectual force of M. Sartre or Mr. Schwartz could not easily be confined. *Encounters* was written, of course, at a period when feminine sensitivity was refusing the rigid form in which the "good yarners" had imprisoned the short story; it was the age of Katherine Mansfield, the similarity of whose work to her own first book Miss Bowen so rightly feared when it was published. Nevertheless it does not surprise me to learn that she had not then read *Bliss*, nor that one of her possible influences was *The Celestial Omnibus*, for it is to the world of Forster and Virginia Woolf rather than of Katherine Mansfield that she belongs.

Her work does not derive from the frivolous nineteen-twenties of popular repute, but from the earlier and more serious age of *Howards End* and *Night and Day*, the great revolt of young middle-class women not with the old cries of social rights, but on the more subtle platform of sensitivity and taste. They acquired in their victory a certain harshness of judgment no less narrow than that of the Victorian moralists they attacked. This is the origin of a certain censoriousness in her work which, I think, Miss Bowen wrongly explains as being due to the "mocking Twenties" and it is interesting to observe that the objects of attack in *Encounters* almost invariably drop their aitches—they are, no doubt, the famous *nouveau riche* of the period—for in this crude form we can see clearly the occasional disquieting kinship of Miss Bowen and Mrs. Woolf to Mrs. Miniver and Mrs. Thirkell.

More recently the British short story has moved again, as Miss Bowen observes in her introduction to *Tomato Cain*, towards plot and ingenuity, "a return to the great main stream of the English story tradition—with which one associates Kipling, Wells, Saki, Somerset Maugham." In so far as it represents an escape from the dissolution towards which *Bliss* and *Encounters* pointed, I would agree with her that it is healthy. But she also speaks of "the high potential entertainment of a good collection of stories," and twice praises work on the ground that it does not "bog down." It is only when one sees the work of so competent a writer as Mr. Rhys Davies or so brilliant a newcomer as Mr. Kneale alongside that of M. Sartre or Mr. Schwartz, that anxiety begins. It would be easy, I suspect, to become "bogged down" in the intellectual demands made by M. Sartre or Mr. Schwartz upon their readers. The word "entertainment" seems innocent enough, but then the many anthologies of British short stories pass before one's vision, like a continuous performance at the cinema—Where did I come in? Have I seen this before? and, at last, How can I get out? It may be that in this union of sensitivity and storytelling, which Miss Bowen praises, the Philistines have swallowed up their critics, as the Wilcoxes absorbed Margaret Schlegel by marriage.

Certainly none, I think, but the most highbrow of English periodicals or anthologies would include the stories from Sartre's *Intimacy*. Not only is their intellectual demand too great, but their emotional range is not restricted, there is no recognition of a safety line. Nevertheless, they seem every bit as important now as when

MORE
CHRISTMAS BOOKS
NEXT WEEK

The Sacred River

An Approach to James Joyce

L. A. G. STRONG

A critical work, fresh in its approach, which sheds new light on the study of the great Irish writer—"driven by his genius to attempt more than his predecessors." 10s. 6d.

Charles Baudelaire

Intimate Journals

Translated by Christopher Isherwood. With an Introduction by W. H. Arden.

"An assortment of wonderful fragments, cryptic memoranda, explosions of anger." Notes made by a genius who already felt the approach of madness. A limited edition designed by Oliver Simon of Baudelaire's personal papers published after his death.

With illustrations from the poet's own drawings. 25s.

Edward Elgar Memories of a Variation

MRS. RICHARD POWELL

The story of a friendship with the composer during the years of his greatest creative activity. Told with delightful and human detail by the lady who is "Dorabella" of the Enigma Variations. In this new edition Mrs. Powell puts forward the best case for the solution of the Enigma itself.

Illustrated with photographs and facsimile letters. 12s. 6d.

When Soft Voices Die

A Musical Biography

HELEN HENSCHEL

A new edition of the biography of George and Lillian Henschel by their daughter. It gives a charming and sympathetic picture of a musical family in the 80's and 90's and of their circle of friends, which included Burne-Jones, Paderewski, Sargent, Alma Tadema and other famous figures of the period. 2nd edition. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

METHUEN

Just Published

FREUD

HIS LIFE AND MIND

a biography

by

HELEN WALKER PUNER

This biography of one of the greatest creative geniuses of the 20th century is a sympathetic and authentic study of Freud's life written with the technique and understanding Freud himself developed in modern psychology.

12s. 6d. net

December 6th Publication

Prince Imperial

by

PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO

Translated by Roland Gant

The story of the son of Napoleon III who became an officer in the British Army and was killed in the Zulu War.

10s. 6d. net

THE GREY WALLS PRESS

MEMOIRS of an EGOTIST

Stendhal *First English translation and introduction by T. W. EARP*

'Stendhal's method of securing the utmost sincerity by writing rapidly and spontaneously leads to digression and sudden changes of topic; but it also adds a most entertaining liveliness to this extraordinary little book—a lightness which harmonises delightfully with its merciless penetration.' — DESMOND MACCARTHY. *Sunday Times.* 7s. 6d.

★

MUSICAL UPROAR IN MOSCOW

Alexander Werth

'For the first time we get a real glimpse of the domestic relations between the state and its artists, of the way in which the Soviet treats art, thought, and civilisation.' — LEONARD WOOLF. 6s.

★

NOLLEKENS and his times

J. T. Smith *Ed. G. W. Stonier*

'An unequalled picture of 18th century London, produced in agreeable form with a useful introduction and an excellent map' — HAROLD NICOLSON. *Times Lit. Suppt.* 10s. 6d.

TURNSTILE PRESS

DENT

You Never Know Till You Get There

Henry Longhurst

A racy commentary on people and places and events the world over, by the author of *I Wouldn't Have Missed It*, etc. 32 pages of photogravure illustrations. 16s. net

Charles Lamb & His Hertfordshire

Reginald L. Hine

The last work of the author of *Confessions of an Un-Common Attorney*, including hitherto unpublished Lamb letters. 400 pages. Fully illustrated in half-tone and line. 18s. net

Versus *Ogden Nash*

A new collection of 100 poems, in succession to *The Face is Familiar* and *Good Intentions*, by 'the most comic poet of all comic poets alive.' 7s. 6d. net

Wild Flowers at a Glance

M. C. Carey & D. Fitchew

A beginner's handbook, every flower grouped according to colour, with notes and comprehensive index. 264 detailed and beautiful full-colour drawings. 10s. 6d. net

Everyman's Library

New volumes, each 4s. 6d. net

No. 988: SMOKE, Ivan Turgenev's novel, new translation by Natalie Duddington.

No. 97: THE MABINOGION, new translation with Intro. by Thomas Jones and Gwyn Jones.

Nos. 1 and 2: Boswell's Life of DR. JOHNSON, new edition, with Introduction by S. C. Roberts, and Index by Alan Dent. 2 vols.

List free of nearly 600 volumes available

Buy now at your bookseller's the first 4 vols. of The New 1949–50

Everyman's Encyclopaedia

8,500,000 words. 2,500 illustrations.

'A true Encyclopaedia . . . there is no work quite like it.' *The Observer*

12 vols. 12/- per vol.

Full prospectus free

TWO NEW NOVELS

Mr. Bunting in the Promised Land

Robert Greenwood

Mr. Bunting, the lovable though laughed-at figure of Robert Greenwood's well-known novels with that name, now appears on the baffling post-war scene with his no less attractive family. 10s. 6d. net

Resurrection Road

Millie Toole

Set in a block of municipal flats in Manchester, this new novel, by the author of *Our Old Man*, is described by the *Manchester Guardian* as 'a refreshing success,' with 'personalities and fortunes vividly displayed.' 9s. 6d. net

J. M. DENT AND SONS LTD., BEDFORD ST., W.C.2

they were published in 1939, a complete study of the morbid reaction of man to a hostile environment, which is no less powerful because of the atom bomb. *The Room*, in particular, with its allegory of the death wish and its study of the search for identification with insanity remains as entirely moving and profound as any of Sartre's later work; whilst in *The Childhood of a Leader* we are given an analysis of a young man's descent into Fascism with that complete truth without which compassion must always, I think, verge on patronage. Mr. Lloyd Alexander's excellent translation—despite the American flavour of "Kikes," "fairies," "corsage," "bosses"—removes the last excuse for not reading this book.

If *Intimacy* should scare English readers by its absolute demands on the emotions, *The World is a Wedding* may alarm them by its intellectual demands and its wit. Mr. Schwartz's short stories like Sartre's are longer than we are accustomed to expect, and they are sometimes a little difficult to read, they demand careful attention if one is not to be "bogged down," but seldom, I think, unreasonably. They deal with New York of the nineteen-thirties, of the depression and after. Skilfully, in a strange discursive style peculiarly adapted to reveal three or more depths of emotional and intellectual meaning at the same time, the author draws a picture of a great middle-class youth, highly educated, yet so conditioned against the optimistic and slick materialism of their parents, that they have become a class of loafing, sponging Harold Skimpoles, whose essential tragedy is that they *really* possess the intellectual powers to which they pretend. To say that Mr. Schwartz is not yet always master of his form is a criticism which perhaps explains why his work is so living.

Mr. Rhys Davies's stories are vivid and competent. He is at his worst, I think, when he attempts what may be called the high comedy of everyday tragedy as in *The Dilemma of Catherine Fuchsias*, *A Human Condition* or *Canute*. Such a Hardyesque genre is difficult and, if it fails, it fails badly. He is at his best in the exploration of the morally delinquent and near insane—*Boy with a Trumpet*, *Tomorrow*, *The Fashion Plate*, *One of Norah's Early Days*—but there is something wilfully morbid in treating such subjects from a comfortable distance. If he was less unwilling to explore the deep personal significance which all such conditions must have for writers in present day society, he would perhaps write at the depth of Sartre and less on the uniform, adequate, anthology level.

Mr. Kneale derives from a more popular vein of fantasy and science fiction, and thus largely escapes this monotony. His own imaginative powers are so remarkable and his versatility so great that he can overcome the dangers of the mechanical themes which imprison so many of the Lovecraft school; he is less happy in stories of the Ancient World like *The Terrible Thing I have Done*, which is dangerously near the absurdities of M. P. Shiel. *The Stocking*, however, is almost the most successful horror story I have read, and *The Photograph* is very good. As a new writer he is greatly to be welcomed, for by sheer tour-de-force he breaks through the glossy surface of the contemporary British short story.

ANGUS WILSON

Round the Year with the World's Religions

by

ROYSTON PIKE

A truly remarkable book, giving a full account of the origin and practice of religious rites and ceremonies performed month by month throughout the world: a wealth of story drawn from history and legend, the present and the past. *Illus.; 4 colour plates*

10s. 6d. net

THE RATIONALIST ANNUAL: 1950

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:
Sir Arthur Keith
Dr. Maurice Burton
Prof. Gilbert Murray, O.M.
Prof. G. D. H. Cole
Prof. J. B. S. Haldane

2s. 6d. net (paper cover).
4s. 6d. net (cloth)

C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith. By ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY. *Constable.* 18s.

If a reader of this book were fortunate enough to lose his copy when he was still only two thirds way through, he might not immediately recognise his good luck. Charmed by the vivid portrait the author was drawing of the lively, urbane, engaging person, Logan Pearsall Smith, he would hardly be satisfied until he had begged, borrowed or stolen another copy, to finish it off. But then he might well wish that he had been satisfied with his first helping; for the last third of this "account of a friendship" is painful and a little wearisome; we are shown a generous affection degenerating into a suspicious distrust: a large open-handedness hardening into an obsessive meanness: a warm friendship reversing into a vindictive enmity: and, as all too commonly happens when relationships break up, money becoming the ugly weapon with which one of the friends wounds the other.

Mr. Gathorne-Hardy was a young man three or four years under thirty, and Logan Pearsall Smith an established writer of sixty-five when they came together over a shared passion for Jeremy Taylor. Collaboration over this led them to discover that their literary tastes marched side by side. Their situations, too, were, complementary; the young man was ripe for discipleship: the older was humanly vain enough to enjoy the role of Master. Besides that, he was old enough to be in need of an amanuensis and rich enough to be able to gratify the wish. In 1931 Mr. Gathorne-Hardy left the bookshop where he was employed and went to work for Logan Pearsall Smith. He was not exactly a secretary, nor exactly a companion; he describes his position as "a sort of perpetual apprenticeship."

> Logan was just as much my instructor as my employer; I was both pupil and assistant. The money he paid me was always referred to as my allowance; its purpose was just as much to give me the requisite leisure for literary employment, as a reward for the uncovenated help which I gave him. He had contrived a situation which beautifully illustrates the order of his generosity. My allowance being formally unconditional, he was able to look on the assistance I gave him as nothing but a kindness on my part.

Many other instances of Pearsall Smith's generosity of spirit are recorded, and altogether the association appears to have remained profitable and pleasurable to both for some seven years. Each of them completed books. In his best moods Pearsall Smith was a most entertaining and stimulating man to be with; nor was he exacting of the younger man's time. A couple of days a week seem to have been the most he ever demanded, and there were long absences abroad. These absences were enlivened by some of the very good letters which, when they are collected, will make a considerable addition to Pearsall Smith's small, highly polished output. Witty, sharp, urbane, ironic, the letters plentifully quoted by Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, make the first half of this book beguiling reading. Here, for an example, is one written from the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Berenson:

> I find it very pleasant here, in the luxury and splendour of this great Italian villa. Mrs. Wharton is here, and Santayana nearby: we are a little group of not unsuccessful people, old and ill and gay and disenchanted; and our tongues wag as freely, I think, as any tongues in Europe. The long perspectives of elderly people, their wealth of ironic reflections and observations and improper anecdotes, does much to comfort them—does indeed, I believe, more than compensate them—for the loss of youth and all the injuries of time.

Here is a part of his ironic defence against his apprentice's charge that he too much enjoyed the great world:

> The great world, though hollow within, presents at least the external form of a décor of what life might be, and ought to be—the ideal of a beautiful and happy and splendid way of living; and people of imagination ought to be able (and have generally been able) to fill out the empty form with poetry for themselves. And if there are toads to be eaten at these feasts (as there always are), there is an ironic fun in noting their odd appearances, and turning them into funny stories to tell against oneself.

If Pearsall Smith was not exacting of his apprentice's time, there was one sense in which he was highly exacting. He was, throughout the period described, a manic-depressive; euphoria and melancholy alternated with him in cycles. Later he came to recognise the onset of the melancholy and to resign himself to it. He would warn his disciple that he was descending into one of his abysms, and then wrap himself in the reading which did something to console him until the fit was past. Commonly a post-card would signalise the lifting of the cloud, a postcard proposing the beginning perhaps of one of the elaborate practical jokes which he had a marked taste for. Most of these jokes had a bitter flavour. In his happy times this addiction to the sour might be regarded as a harmless form of drain-off for a less pleasant side of his character. But in his bad moods he began to take his own jokes more and more seriously and the spite beneath the surface showed its angry face.

Evidently a deep resentment was piling up against his apprentice behind the barriers he erected against it. The author gives two appalling incidents from 1936 of its bursting uglily out; it will suffice to quote one. They had gone together on a holiday to Tenerife. One morning after Mr. Gathorne-Hardy had come in from some expedition undertaken on his own, Pearsall Smith said:

> "Do you think it wise to go off and neglect me, as you did last night?"
>
> "Wise?" I responded.
>
> "Well, when you have a friend who might leave you a lot of money, do you think it wise to neglect him?"

When a beneficiary finds himself twice slapped in the face with benefits he has been promised, it is time to consider whether the relationship in which they are involved has not already run its course. But it is easier to be wise after the event than in the thick of it.

Two years later the resentment was to boil right over. They had gone together on another trip, to Iceland this time. Pearsall Smith, who was over seventy at the time, caught double pneumonia and lay in hospital in a delirium hov-

HARRAP

By the author of *British Drama*, etc.

WORLD DRAMA

ALLARDYCE NICOLL

This is the logical and fitting consequence of the author's famous *British Drama* and *The Development of The Theatre*. In some half-million words he examines the drama in every age and country and deals with many technical aspects. *64 pages of half-tone illus.* *30/- net*

Songs & Lyrics

from English Masques and Light Operas

Selected by F. S. BOAS

Dr. Boas has an introduction to his collection of songs and lyrics and he gives a historical survey of the masque and its characteristics. His selection covers an appropriate period (seventeenth century to the time of Gilbert and Sullivan) including both eminent and obscure composers and writers. *8/6 net*

The HAWKSMOOR SCANDALS

being a merry and topical book by

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

3/6 net

With 18 line drawings by ILLINGWORTH

BLACKIE

for

BOYS' and GIRLS' BOOKS

by many of the best authors including:—

PERCY F. WESTERMAN

DOUGLAS V. DUFF

ANGELA BRAZIL

SHEILA STUART
Author of the 'Alison' stories

CICELY M. BARKER
Creator of the 'Flower Fairies' Books

★

AT LONDON and GLASGOW

★ *The Ideal Xmas Gift For All Young People*

Lone Pine Five

By Malcolm Saville

Author of Mystery at Witchend, Seven White Gates, The Gay Dolphin Adventure, The Secret of Grey Walls, Jane's Country Year.

IN this, the fifth book in the "Lone Pine" Series, the members of the "Lone Pine" club become involved in a thrilling search for Roman treasure in the highlands of their beloved Shropshire. A book all young people will enjoy.

Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net

NEWNES

Tower House, Southampton Street, Strand, London, WC2

JOHN P.

MARQUAND'S

greatest novel

POINT OF NO RETURN

Peter Quennell (*Daily Mail*): "This accomplished novelist . . . realistic yet poetic . . . brilliant. A gently ironic, finely detailed story."

Francis Wyndham (*Observer*): "A picture of middle-class life that is amusing, moving and real."

George Malcolm Thomson (*Evening Standard*): "There is a lot to be said for Marquand. He is the poet of the down-to-earth. You will like and respect his hero. A warm, competent book."

Hugh L'A. Fausset (*Manchester Guardian*): "Furnished with multitudinous and charming detail. Told in the kindliest, easiest manner."

Daily Mail "Book of the Month" Book Society Recommend 10/6

ANNE TERRY

WHITE'S

study of Anthropology

MEN BEFORE ADAM

The dramatic story of the adventures of scientists in search of man's ancestry. A fascinating, accurate account for the layman of the progress of this science from Darwin to the present day. *Illustrated.* *12/6*

In "THE COUNTY BOOKS"

M. LOVETT

TURNER'S

volume to be ready December 14.

SOMERSET

A quiet picture of this lovely Western County of peaceful villages and old-world towns by a true countrywoman who knows and loves their life from long experience and diligent observation. Lavishly illustrated and with a map. *15/-*

For Free Illustrated Gift List please write to:

ROBERT HALE LTD

18 BEDFORD SQ. LONDON, W.C.1

ering between life and death; then for some weeks he failed to recover into complete sanity. During this time the barriers gave way and he poured upon his devoted amanuensis for days on end a continual stream of wild abuse and recrimination. Later when he was well again he was to be bitterly ashamed of this attack, and he recognised in talking it over that his friend's patient devotion had in all probability saved his life. But this generous mood did not last. A day was to come when in speaking of that time to his friend himself he was to add, "not without satisfaction," as the friend says: "I expect I told you some home truths." The eight years that followed (Logan Pearsall Smith died in 1946) were a period of gradual disintegration, lit by patches only of the old sunniness but returning finally to that near-madness of the Iceland trip, and culminating a week or so before the end in a final and brutal rupture.

Such is the unpleasant end of this story of a friendship; and for those who are disinterested in the particular personalities but interested in human nature in general, it provides, with its abrupt reversals of characteristics in the same person, a rich source of speculation. Not that we are able to see very far. For instance we can never do more than guess at the nature of the overwhelming resentment under which Pearsall Smith evidently laboured. The grievances into which he rationalised it are trifling and unjustifiable. Some hint of it seems to me to be given in one of the raving conversations which the author adduces as part of the evidence for his madness in Iceland. One day in the hospital he begged his friend to go to the police at once, "There's a rogue in this town called Bob Gathorne-Hardy; he's got me kidnapped and shut up here and now he's trying to get ransom out of my relations." And a few moments later he went on, "with a curious change of tone, 'You won't have any difficulty in finding him will you? He's got the same name as you'". That may be madness but it is surely also a clear dramatisation of the man's feeling about their relationship.

However, even if this were so, it still does not explain things satisfactorily, and we should have to go much further back to explain a dependence so strong that, even with all that hate behind it, it could not be broken for so long. Explanation, in fact, is not to be found. The author mercifully hardly attempts it, except for the shortest of digressions on "mother-fixation," a phrase about as uninformative as the designation "Port-type" on cheap wine. We have reached the time now, I fancy, when we realise that the psycho-analytic labels are not helpful to the inexpert. So complex is the tangle in which even the most apparently simple of motives is hidden that it cannot be unravelled from the outside. So writers can turn from the unprofitable business of trying to explain the behaviour of their characters, and return to their proper function of exhibiting it. This Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has done here with grace, skill and (if we except the last third where he tells us either too much or too little) with a nice sense of design.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE SWINEHERD AND THE TURTLE

The Story of Hans Andersen. By ESTHER MEYNELL. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Swan of Denmark. By RUTH MANNING-SANDERS. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Story of Lewis Carroll. By ROGER LANCELYN GREEN. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Painted Garden. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

His Majesty's Players. By C. M. EDMONDSTON and M. L. F. HYDE. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Life and Legends of Saint Nicolas. By ERIC CROZIER. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Starry Floor. By ELEANOR FARJEON. *Michael Joseph.* 5*s.*

Doctor Dolittle and the Secret Lake. By HUGH LOFTING. *Cape.* 9*s.*

Scribbling Lark. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Shadowy Man. By EILEEN O'FAOLAIN. *Longmans.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Collins' Magazine Annual. 15*s.*

The Green Orchard. By MAURA LAVERTY. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Belinda Bear. By CAM. *Bodley Head.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Polly and Jane's Houses. By HELEN and MARGARET BINYON. *O.U.P.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Tim to the Rescue. By EDWARD ARDIZZONE. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The swineherd, or prince in disguise, or "unappreciated" character, though much less in evidence in the children's books of our own indulgent days, is still and must always be a popular figure. Hans Andersen himself, of whose story we have here two versions, is one of its best examples. I am not sure that adult lives—except those highly simplified or expressed mainly in action—make good juvenile reading. Inevitably there are omissions and modifications, and writers, particularly, are unsatisfactory subjects. Still, Andersen, who was not unlike one of those queer peasant boys in fairy tales, whose very guilelessness brings success, has a history which may well be enjoyed even at the loss of some prestige as a magic, disembodied name. Between the two biographies it is not easy to choose. Miss Meynell omits, for instance, the gruesome execution that Andersen was sent from school to see, and she does not dwell on the old grandfather's madness. She does hint, however, at the frustrations of his adult life. Miss Manning-Sanders is much bolder in her details of the early days though she says little of what came later. This is probably the better course. It is Miss Meynell, however, who describes the first meeting between Andersen and Jacob Grimm. The German had never heard of the Danish writer's stories.

The donnish life of Lewis Carroll (told by Roger Lancelyn Green) makes a surprisingly interesting biography. There is little sentiment, much about the books themselves, and many stories about this strange man who, like Andersen, was never completely adult. Riddles and mathematical problems, the origin of Elsie, Lacie and Tillie or of the Mad Hatter, the critics' views of *Alice*, Tenniel's opinion of its author, quotations from Carroll's very entertaining letters—such matters hold one's attention. Mr. Green's book should be in every school library, though children will not be its only readers.

The "unappreciated" theme appears, oddly-enough in the most up-to-date story in this list—*The Painted Garden*, by Noel Streatfeild. With its Cinderella-in-the-film-studios motif it should be wildly popular, and cause considerable juvenile discontent. An English family goes to Hollywood for the father's health. (He is a writer). The boy (musical) performs on the radio; the plain sister is chosen for the leading part in the film of *The Secret Garden*; the pretty one, who dances, gets on so well that if there were another page or two to the book we might expect to find her at least as Swanhilde on the stage of Sadler's Wells. There is a dog, unpleasantly (to my mind) called Chewing Gum; and a useful friend who gave up her job as a gym mistress to help to look after the family. I cannot quite account for her fictional presence as the parents, feckless as they may seem, are there all the time. The story is competently told, and the children, with all their dudgeons and vanities, are real enough. But a Presbyterian parent may hesitate before fostering, with this glossy tale, the universal Californian dream.

His Majesty's Players is for anyone between eleven and fifteen who enjoys an historical setting. It deals with those controversial days leading to the English Civil War; one of the twin heroes is a boy actor. "Acting is out of the question," said Alleyn. "But is it?" said Mohun, a dare-devil light in his eyes. "I wonder! London is changed greatly if she has lost her love for the theatre!" The period has been studied—the background and action are, indeed, more interesting than the characters—but the authors, veering about in their dialogue, sometimes shatter the atmosphere with such infelicities as "mean old thing!" or "'cos" (for "because"). There are other books for infant specialists. A child with a fancy for hagiology—a robust taste involving martyrdoms and miracles—may be given *The Life and Legends of Saint Nicolas*. It is, like all the work of Mr. Crozier, very well written. Poetry, also, is an individual and chancy matter, and the Georgian simplicity of *The Starry Floor*, Miss Eleanor Farjeon's graceful book of verses about the planets and constellations, is for a romantic little girl of twelve or under, not for the young astronomer. The dark charm of the scraper-board illustrations matches the poems.

Among the stories, *Doctor Dolittle and the Secret Lake* stands out in plot and characterisation. The good doctor's notes on the true history of the Flood, given to him by a giant turtle who was in the Ark, have disappeared—eaten by rats. Is the old turtle still alive? Two sparrows, who fly to Africa to investigate, find that an earthquake has imprisoned him under a great mass of mud at the bottom of a lake. After the journey and the rescue, this fascinating story declines, but the first part still makes it qualify for half the title of this review. I am not certain why Mr. Henry Williamson's *Scribbling Lark* fails to hold our sympathies. It starts nicely enough with two monkeys escaping from a zoo; it includes a fox named Charles James, and a reformed cuckoo that brings food to other birds. It ends with a very queer Derby indeed won by an elderly cart horse, disguised with cocoa, and ridden by both monkeys at once. It may be that the story and setting are on too many different age levels. *The Shadowy Man* pleased me more. It is a well-told, well-illustrated fairy tale about a lost foal which is sought by the mysterious Darkie Louker; it abounds with leprechauns, suspense, and wild rides through the night. I enjoyed them all.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS 1949

Better Books booksellers of 94 Charing Cross Road, London, invite you to send for their **1949 Christmas Catalogue of Books.** The Catalogue, which is illustrated, is divided into 9 sections, comprising:

- *Art & Architecture*
- *Drama, Ballet & Film*
- *Biography, Memoirs & History*
- *Fiction*
- *Humour*
- *Literature, Poetry, Belles-Lettres, etc.*
- *Music*
- *Travel*
- *Miscellaneous & Reprints*

—with titles from the lists of both famous & little-known publishers, described in sufficient detail for an estimate of their differing merits to be made. Send a post-card bearing your name and address and the words "Christmas Catalogue" to Better Books and you will receive their 1949 Christmas Catalogue of Books.

Better Books

OF 94 CHARING CROSS ROAD

J. A. Williamson: HAWKINS OF PLYMOUTH

A new biography of Sir John Hawkins which gives a brilliant picture also of his age and his associates. 17 plates and 3 maps, 25s. net.

C. R. Joy and Melvin Arnold: THE AFRICA OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER

A memorable record, in vivid photographs and graphic text, of Dr. Schweitzer's famous forest hospital at Lambaréné. With a chapter by Schweitzer himself and 148 photographs. 15s. net.

Stephen Bone: THE LANDSCAPES OF BRITAIN

A new and enlarged edition of *Albion: An Artist's Britain.* "Mr. Bone's illustrations, beautifully reproduced in colour, are excellent work; his prose equals them." COUNTRY LIFE. 34 illustrations. 21s. net.

W. A. Thorpe: ENGLISH GLASS

"This attractively produced book can be confidently recommended as an admirable introduction to its fascinating subject." THE TIMES. Second edition. Many photographs and drawings. 15s. net.

Cecile Walton: THE CHILDEN'S THEATRE BOOK

A practical book on stagecraft which also provides the young dancer and actor with a sound introduction to the art of the theatre and the allied arts. 6 plates and 92 drawings. 10s.6d. net.

THE BALLET POCKET BOOK

An attractive series of small but remarkably complete books, which make ideal Christmas cards as well as records of the ballet.

RAKE'S PROGRESS and CHECKMATE	COPPELIA
HAMLET and MIRACLE IN THE GORBALS	GISELLE
L'OISEAU DE FEU and SCHEHERAZADE	SWAN LAKE
LE BEAU DANUBE and LE TRICORNE	PETROUCHKA
LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE	SLEEPING PRINCESS

5 ins. × 3½ ins. 4 colour plates and many drawings. 2s.6d. net each.

Adam & Charles Black

Selected Books for Christmas

Humour

Brought to Book
JOHN ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Illustrated by Michael Barsley
"A bright collection of topical epigrams." *Manchester Evening Dispatch.* 5s. net

A Long Drink of Cold Water
PATRICK CAMPBELL
"A selection of witty stories and articles cleverly illustrated." *Newcastle Evening Chronicle.* 7s. 6d. net

The Arrival of Master Jinks
CONNERY CHAPPELL
"Connery Chappell has given himself full scope for his own delicious brand of satirical humour." *Manchester Evening News.* 8s. 6d. net

For Children

We have already published the successful *Badger's Beech* and *The Wizard of the Wood* in Mr. Trevor's Woodlanders series. Old Stripe the Badger, Digger Mole and Woo Owl, made famous through the Children's Hour and previous books, take a trip to the Moon in

Badger's Moon
Illustrated in line and colour by Leslie Atkinson. 6s. net

Ant's Castle
Elleston Trevor introduces some new characters—the Ants.
Illustrated in line and colour by David Williams. 6s. net

Recent Successes

The Well of Loneliness
RADCLYFFE HALL
Second impression now ready. 15s. net

MARGUERITE STEEN'S
Matador 10s. 6d. net

The One-Eyed Moon 10s. 6d net.
The first two volumes of the Falcon Press edition of the *Spanish Trilogy.*

Baker of the Nile
DOROTHY MIDDLETON
"He deserves to live with Speke and Livingstone. Here is his story." *Evening Standard. Illustrated, maps.* 12s. 6d. net

New Publications

Devil Lord's Daughter
ERIC BAUME
A new novel by the distinguished New Zealand writer. 12s. 6d. net

The White Mountain
RUPERT CROFT-COOKE
A novel by the author of *Wilkie.* 10s. 6d. net

FALCON PRESS

The Noble Duke of York
ALFRED H. BURNE

'In this lively and well-documented biography, Colonel Burne opens new ground and puts a new interpretation upon a familiar yet little-known figure . . . This book is so good and so readable that it appears certain to be reprinted . . . The maps merit a special word of praise, containing the right amount of detail and being very clear and informative.'
—*Times Literary Supplement*

16 illustrations and maps 25s net

Letters from Lord Nelson
GEOFFREY RAWSON

'Commander Rawson holds the balance very fairly between the man and the hero . . . every facet of Nelson's mercurial temperament has been well represented.'— *Ralph Partridge in the 'New Statesman'* 21s net

STAPLES

GEORGE WEIDENFELD AND NICOLSON LIMITED

TO BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY
Three exceptional autobiographies

MUSSOLINI
Benito Mussolini: **Memoirs 1942-43**
His own account of his last months of power and his fall. A work of great historical importance, revealing the moods and motives of a Dictator at the crisis of his life. *Price* 18/-

SCHACHT
Dr. Hjalmar Schacht: **Account Settled**
The summary of his long and stormy association with Hitler. An indispensable record of the German economic experiment. *Price* 15/-

HALDANE
Charlotte Haldane: **Truth Will Cut**
A book of great topical significance, tracing the story of her collaboration and final breach with the Communist Party, and the consequences upon her private life. *Price* 12/6

GEORGE WEIDENFELD AND NICOLSON LIMITED
7 CORK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

James Aldridge

author of Signed With Their Honour *—"the finest work of fiction produced by the war"* DAILY TELEGRAPH

his first post-war novel

THE DIPLOMAT

728 pages 12*s* 6*d*

An intensely exciting and wide-ranging story of the men and women of the embassies, and of three people caught in the post-war international conflict

Roy Campbell

Collected Poems

Ready 9th December 15*s*

Christopher Caudwell

Further Studies in a Dying Culture

Ready 9th December 8*s* 6*d*

THE YELLOW BOOK

a selection

A representative *Yellow Book*, containing work not only by writers and artists who have since become famous, but by many who are now more or less forgotten, in some cases unjustly. Among the contributors are: Henry James, Max Beerbohm, Arnold Bennett, W. B. Yeats, Baron Corvo, Ernest Dowson and Aubrey Beardsley, Walter Sickert, John S. Sargent, Wilson Steer, Laurence Housman, etc., etc.

444 pages, 37 plates, 15*s*

THE BODLEY HEAD

For any niece or nephew in the tough, gregarious school years *Collins' Magazine Annual* is a handsome present. Its best features, I think, are its photographs and its informative articles, on such subjects as cacti, secret codes, the work of the steeplejack, map-making and reading, advice to campers, islands (by James Fisher) or books (by Viola Garvin). Less attractive is an occasional adult satirical note best seen in the hideous frontispiece of a "typical" schoolboy and girl. But perhaps I am wrong in thinking that caricature of this kind is not funny for its victims.

The youngest in the family are, as usual, well served. *The Green Orchard*, by Maura Laverty, is a gentle, kindly (but expensive) book about the journeyings of a cat, a monkey (who writes poetry), and a dog, who are all unhappy in the town. How does one reach the Green Orchard? "First you must travel west for seven days and seven nights as a cat walks. . . . You go down along the Sycamore Road until you come to the Blue Mountains. Then you climb the mountain path until you come to the gap, and there, lying right in front of you, is the Green Orchard, where animals live together in peace and happiness." They are greatly helped, I should add, by a spry old lady of ninety-one. *Belinda Bear*, by Cam, tells of a little bear, and an aged musician who goes to town to play his fiddle for the last time before selling it. The pictures which surround the text of this appealing tale are clear and pleasant in colour, and they have the kind of detail that bears a great deal of youthful investigation. One, for instance, contains eighty-one wasps. Count them, says the author, and see! *Polly and Jane's Houses* has as end papers two views of a doll's house—outside and inside; the charming story of two little girls (aged, perhaps, three or four) looking for a place in which to play, has a coloured picture to each page. And then, there is the delightful *Tim to the Rescue*, written and illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Tim, who appears to be seven or less, is allowed to go as second ship's boy on the S.S. *Fidelity*, a ship of 3,000 tons. At one stage he is nearly swept away by a storm (of which there is a magnificent picture) while going to the aid of a boy called Ginger, who has been involved in a very curious misadventure; but all is well for everybody in the end. How agreeable to be seven years old and to be given this book!

NAOMI LEWIS

ANGELS AND ARCHANGELS

A Pictorial Gospel. Compiled by ELIOT HODGKIN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Jacob's Ladder. By NICOLETE GRAY. *Faber.* 21*s.*

It is a pleasure to go to look at old masters with a child who knows the stories from the Old Testament and the Gospels: he knows what they are all about, will pass with delight from a Nativity to an Annunciation or an Entombment, or will ask what is happening in one that is unfamiliar or not clear. The pictures assume their old role of teachers or reminders. He may have tried to draw the subject himself and recognises, without intellectually measuring, the emotional truth of the artist's work, as well as delighting in the colours and shapes. Mr. Hodgkin has collected a hundred and twenty pictures or details of pictures illustrating the life of Christ from old masters, and opposite each he has put, without comment, the relevant passages from the Gospels, with chapter and verse underneath. Now that it has been done, it seems strange that it has never been done before. It is most moving to read the words of the Gospel and to look, at the same time, at the work of an artist who has felt the story and has worshipped it with his greatest possession.

In avoiding the obvious, Mr. Hodgkin has occasionally fallen back on less interesting works, but he has also reproduced some that are both excellent and little known. Among them is a wickedly beautiful Cranach of Salome at the feast of Herod. Some details, though familiar, are aptly chosen, for instance the one to illustrate the "house built upon a rock" from a Bellini Madonna and Child. In none of the pictures are concessions made to the supposed child mind. The book is dignified, and sincere and will be enjoyed by both children and adults. It has one fault—which is not the author's responsibility. It is a cheap book, and looks it. The publisher has taken the trouble to have 120 new reproductions made, but the paper is shoddy and the pictures grey.

Mrs. Gray's book, on the other hand, produced by Faber and Faber, and the same size as the book on the Winchester Bible by Walter Oakeshott, is expensive and looks it. *Jacob's Ladder* is described as "a Bible picture book from Anglo-Saxon and Twelfth-Century English Mss."; that is, from Psalters, Service Books, Bibles, and from Anglo-Saxon poetry. It is, however, a book with a dual personality. On the one hand is the scholarly collection of unfamiliar, strange and beautiful illustrations, the hierarchical or intensely emotional passages from Anglo-Saxon poetry; and on the other hand is Mrs. Gray's comment.

The illustrations are both exciting and shaming because one's knowledge is never adequate: and one longs at once to handle all the books, or even the facsimiles that have been searched so rewardingly. I was bowled over by the beauty of the drawings from the Anglo-Saxon Psalters; it is curious that looking at them there is no need for conscious adjustment to scale or medium, as there is in looking at drawings from manuscripts of a century later.

In places, Mrs. Gray's description of the illustrations seems to me too much influenced by her desire to emphasise her religious theme. For instance, the picture of the Trinity from the Anglo-Saxon Psalm Picture Book is a wonderfully moving drawing of the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost in a vesica-shape, supported by four angels: it has a wonderful air of freedom and movement, though, like all Anglo-Saxon drawings, it is really composed of a series of clear conventions. The actual depiction of the Trinity is clear and definite. There is no hesitation, no vagueness, no slurring. And yet Mrs. Gray says, "How hard it is to represent something that we cannot understand. But I think this picture does make it easier to understand. It is rather dark and difficult to make out; it is probably unfinished, but that is right, we cannot see God clearly yet but only darkly, as in a glass: if the picture were clear and finished it would not be true, would it?" The conception of the Trinity may be mysterious, but the symbolical representation of it need not be, and is not here.

At first sight, the conventionalised approach into which perspective does not enter, where vigour is more important than anatomy, and where several things often happen simultaneously in one picture, seems just right for the child mind—but in fact, although children's early capacity for descriptive drawing is superficially much nearer to this early work, their intentions are far nearer to later Medieval or Renaissance ideas. A sophisticated intelligence is needed to appreciate this early art.

Mrs. Gray has obviously a certain aged child in mind for her teaching. Paraphrases of Bible stories are clear and simple, and much of the doctrine, though difficult, would probably be lucid to a child brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. These, with the translations from Anglo-Saxon, could fairly be offered to responsive children of ten, and older, but the whole is interrupted with arch remarks, apostrophes, and exclamations which could scarcely be said without shame to a five-year-old. And although I believe the style is a sincere attempt to catch the attention of children of widely varying ages, it really does mar the whole. This is distressing in a book that, by its illustrations and some of its text, does give one, as well as purely aesthetic pleasure, some impression of the early Medieval Church with its pattern of Angels and Archangels, Seraphim and Thrones, Dominions, Princedoms and Powers, with its golden light above, its early morning air, and its black chaos below.

MYFANWY PIPER

Just Published

HENRY JANE OF FARRENHAVEN

Richard Phibbs

A novel. "A work of deep imagination . . . The quality of the writing must be experienced for it is incommunicable. Each scene or episode is so charged with imaginative force that sometimes whole aeons of man's experience are conveyed in a few paragraphs . . . a poignancy as unforgettable as Hardy's."—ELIZABETH JENKINS, *Manchester Guardian.* 8s 6d *net*

VERDICT IN DISPUTE

Edgar Lustgarten

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMEND

"Before I was half way down the first page I knew I was in for a treat . . . If there were more writers about crime of Mr Lustgarten's quality, we should indeed profit."—COMPTON MACKENZIE. "A little gem of the criminologists' art."—CHRISTOPHER PYM, *Sunday Times.* 9s 6d *net*

December 6th

DESIGNERS IN BRITAIN

Compiled by The Society of Industrial Artists, Edited by Peter Ray, F.S.I.A.

A comprehensive review of design for commerce and industry in this country today, with over 1,000 illustrations. *Write for descriptive leaflet to 12 Beauchamp Place SW3* 45s *net*

POEMS OF LOVE AND AFFAIRS

David Hardman

The Member for Darlington and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education is also a poet of fine quality, drawing inspiration from public life as well as private experience. 5s *net*

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

Norman Mailer

There are now 86,000 copies in print of "The best novel about the recent war that has so far come my way."—P. H. NEWBY, *The Listener.* Orders can be supplied at once. 15s *net*

WINGATE

Gift Selections

Haunted Britain (3rd Ed.) *By Elliott O'Donnell*

Ghostly phenomena of every variety — elementals, vampires, phantom coaches, phantom heads, headless ghosts, evil and dangerous ghosts, ghosts of various colours, frightful and frightening ghosts, benign and lovely ghosts—a formidable array of denizens of the other world — all figure in this intriguing ghost-light, featuring many villages, moors, hills and town and country side dwellings throughout the British Isles. 15/-

In My Mind's Eye *by Frederick Marion*

A brilliant psychic, whose powers have been investigated and certified by eminent scientists, tells the strangest life-story that has ever been written. 18/-

THE FAIRY TRADITION IN BRITAIN *by Lewis Spence*

"Its pages are sprinkled by glittering stories about fairies . . .; backed by the evidence of those who have seen them." ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, B.B.C. 21/-

THE MINOR TRADITIONS OF BRITISH MYTHOLOGY *by Lewis Spence*

"Can be thoroughly recommended. These erudite pages are packed with native river-gods, vegetation spirits, giants, wizards: no part of our country-side seems to have been untenanted by demonic influence." *Tribune.* 16/-

BRIDGE OVER DARK GODS *by Furze Morrish*

"A helpful and vivid introduction to what is known as the Ancient Wisdom." *City Press.* 9/6

Forthcoming

PABLO PICASSO

★ Desire Caught by the Tail
The first and only literary work of Picasso. *Illustrated by the author.* Probably 12/6

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

Two important works by the famous Existentialist:

★ The Psychology of Imagination Probably 12/6

★ The Chips are Down Probably 9/6

Write for latest catalogue, enclosing 1d. stamp

47 Princes Gate **RIDER** London, S.W.7

A great Critic on a Great Poet

BAUDELAIRE

by

Jean-Paul Sartre

(Translated by Martin Turnell)

In this full length study of Baudelaire, Sartre reveals himself in his full power as one of the major critics of our time. His understanding of what is most obscure in the great poet is invaluable to all who admire him.

10/6

HORIZON

c/o Chatto & Windus,
40-42 William IV St., W.C.2

CRESSET PRESS

RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY

THE PEOPLE OF GREAT RUSSIA

A study of the character of the Russian people

By Geoffrey Gorer

author of THE AMERICANS

with ten descriptive sketches of Russian peasant life by JOHN RICKMAN

10/6 *net*

★

PLEIADES ART BOOKS

FRENCH DRAWINGS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By DENYS SUTTON

"In this most scholarly book the many drawings are beautifully reproduced. The book will be welcomed by all who love drawings."—*Spectator*

With 63 monochromes and 2 colour plates
30/- *net*

NINETEENTH CENTURY DRAWINGS

By GRAHAM REYNOLDS

Deputy Keeper of the Victoria and Albert Museum

"Mr Reynolds excels in characterising single schools and artists, as well as in the analysis of works of art; he displays a clear-cut terminology and an impressive scholarly background."—*Art News and Review*

With 72 monochromes and 1 colour plate
30/- *net*

TWENTIETH CENTURY SCULPTURE

By E. H. RAMSDEN

"Can be thoroughly recommended to all who are interested in sculpture."—*Observer*

With 63 monochrome illustrations 25/- *net*

★

PLEIADES CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LARGER ANIMALS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

By EILEEN MAYO

Another "charming book for children by that brilliant artist and writer on wild creatures, Miss Eileen Mayo."—*Star*

With 16 colour and 16 monochrome illustrations 6/- *net*

KING CUCKOO

By D. H. CHAPMAN

Illustrated by VIOLET M. MORGAN

"A delightful fantasy for children which adds to the charm of its story an accurate description of bird life. It is well illustrated."—*Evening News* 8/6 *net*

ALLEN & UNWIN

The Life and Times of Po Chü-I

ARTHUR WALEY. The first full-length biography of a Chinese poet to appear in English, and the first study of life and politics in ninth-century China. Over 100 new translations of Po Chü-I's poems are included. 18s. *net*

Iceland Yesterday & Today

HORACE LEAF, author of *Under the Southern Cross*. This eye-witness account of Iceland as it is today in the light of its colourful past, fills a gap in the literature of one of the most interesting states in the world. *Illustrated.* 15s. *net*

Green Thraldom

TANG PEI-SUNG. These essays by one of China's leading biologists describe important scientific research done by his university during the war, under the most difficult conditions while evacuated to the Western provinces. 12s. 6d. *net*

Bermondsey Story

FENNER BROCKWAY, author of *Socialism over Sixty Years*. The life-story of Arthur Salter, brilliant medical student who sacrificed a promising career to become a poor man's doctor and who was a pioneer in health and social services. *Illustrated.* 15s. *net*

Challenge of Conscience

DENIS HAYES. This is an authoritative account of the Conscientious Objectors in the Second World War—their treatment before the tribunals, in the army and in prison. Every aspect of the question is fully dealt with. *Illustrated.* 15s. *net*

The Clash of Loyalties

EDMOND PRIVAT, author of *The English : from Pirates to Prophets*, deals with the tragedy of sincere people who put their individual virtues at the service of national sins. "Packed full with interesting matter; it stimulates thought."—*The Friend.* *Cloth* 7s. 6d. *net*. *Paper*, 5s. *net*

Freedom and Organisation

BERTRAND RUSSELL shows how between 1814 and 1914 old forms of authority first gave way to Liberalism, which in its turn gave way to the new forms of organisation which grew up with technical and economic developments. *4th impression.* 15s. *net*

An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth

BERTRAND RUSSELL. A discussion of the foundations of knowledge approached from the standpoints of both language and the observational premises of empiricism. It is based on Russell's 1940 William James Lecture at Harvard University. *3rd impression.* 15s. *net*

40, MUSEUM ST., LONDON, W.C.1

TILMAN

The professionals know H. W. Tilman as one of our foremost climbers, leader of the last Everest expedition and spokesman of those who climb because they like it. His books (*Nanda Devi* and *Mount Everest* 1938) have won him a growing audience among the sedentary mountaineers who like to travel vicariously. This new book tells in the best Tilman manner of some recent adventures with men and mountains, glaciers and jails, in the Himalaya and beyond.
37 *plates.* 21s. *net*

Two Mountains & a River

★

ALSO IN YOUR BOOKSHOP

The Mind of Proust

F. C. GREEN

An interpretation of Proust's art in the form of a detailed commentary on *A la recherche du temps perdu.*
25s. *net*

Strindberg

B. M. MORTENSEN & B. W. DOWNS

The first part of this book is biographical; the second discusses the plays, poems, and other writings.
12s. 6d. *net*

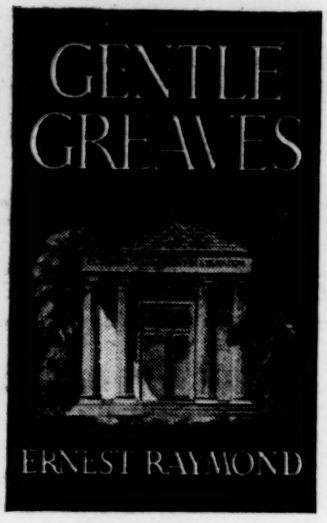
A Concise Economic History of Britain

SIR JOHN CLAPHAM

A survey for the general reader from the earliest times to 1750. 12s. 6d. *net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Cassell



ERNEST RAYMOND'S

most ambitious novel since WE, THE ACCUSED

Dec. 5th. 540 pp. Lge. Crn. 12/6 net

G. B. STERN

does for Ducks what she did for Dachshunds in

A Duck to Water

A delightful fantasy, prettily produced to solve the small Christmas Present Problem

Dec. 5th. 128 pp. 6/- net

a new novel by the author of THE SNAKE PIT

The Professor's Umbrella

by MARY JANE WARD

Dec. 5th. 8/6 net

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN as a young man Maupassant sat in the talkative company of writers and was asked why he was silent, he used to say, "I am learning my trade"; and that is what the hostile criticism of his work comes down to in the end. That he learned, and some better writers never have. He is one of the terrifying geniuses, a hunter without a blank in his magazine. What one means by Maupassant's genius—for he was very limited in his range and depth of subject—is hard to say. The opening chapters of *Une Vie** (newly translated by Antonia White, who is a sensitive translator, but poor in her peasant and servant class dialogue in which Maupassant excelled) and many of the Seine stories, are Tolstoyan: there is the same limpid, timeless animal eye, innocently alert to every movement, to every blink of light and shadow. There is the same exquisite swish of the feathered surface, the true poise of the perfect sculler. The difference is that Tolstoy is a man and Maupassant is a male; that Tolstoy is a man who can repent, Maupassant a machine which cannot. Or we might say, as Henry James did, that he cannot reflect and that the existence of an inner life astonished him and struck him as being just pathetic. Conard said "such is the greatness of his talent that all his high qualities appear in the very things of which he speaks, as if they had been altogether independent of his presentation." Life itself seems to be writing his best stories, to have inked itself upon the page; the only thing that makes one wish to qualify such a statement is that Maupassant was fly enough to says something of the kind himself in one of his letters which is quoted in the Conrad edition of his works. He is too consciously the successful writer to be trusted:

> No, my spirit is not decadent. I am quite unable to look inside myself; I am dominated by the unceasing, involuntary effort of penetrating the souls of others. Really it is not I who make the effort: what is around me penetrates and possesses *me*. I am impregnated by it, I give myself to it, I drown in the flow of my surroundings.

A feminine and passive analogy. It was learned from Flaubert and many writers have since professed it. One has noticed that the writers who train themselves to *be* life in this way become, in fact, less than life; and when Maupassant says he is unable to look inside, that is to say to record the human wish to enlarge life (as Chekhov did), one suspects he means he is unwilling to succeed: one must limit one's objectives. There, possibly, we have the hint that Maupassant's genius was not inclusive, like Tolstoy's, but arbitrary: he exemplifies the engine room of genius and its exaltation of unremitting, terrifying efficiency, the ethos of the inspired cad.

Like pretty well all Maupassant's work, *A Woman's Life* is a story taken from a life very close to his own. It is his first novel. It arises from Maupassant's strongest emotion: his feeling for his mother. Jeanne, transposed into a Flaubertian key, is Laure Maupassant. Jeanne is a Madame Bovary who is not drawn to adultery by reading romances, but who is made obstinately innocent of the world by them. She receives one brutal shock after another in a life of virtue which seems touching but obtuse.

Laure Maupassant was a woman of more nerve and brain than Jeanne, who is at heart the conventional upper-class bride of the period; but Jeanne's story is Laure's in essentials. (An American book by Francis Steegmuller which will shortly be published here examines Laure's story very closely.) It is possible to find in the book some reflections on his genius. In the first place Jeanne is given a family rather more distinguished than Laure's. On both sides, the Maupassants came of moneyed mercantile families. It was Maupassant's father who quietly interposed the aristocratic *de* with its touch of the Trade Mark. Jeanne's father is, however, noticeably not a parvenu when Maupassant tells her story. He is the agreeable, spendthrift country gentleman whose fortunes are dissolving in the impulses of eighteenth-century philosophy. The Maupassants who moved into the chateau in Normandy were climbers who overspent on the way up; they were hard as the rich bourgeois are; they were committed to success, and were drily scornful of the aristocracy of the old regime who creaked like marionettes taken out of the cupboards of their damp and solitary houses. Maupassant, who was trained by his mother to hate his womanising father, hated him far more for giving him no money and making him work as a poor clerk in a government office. It injured Maupassant's pride, and it revolted the sense of efficiency of his class.

It is impossible to know what hardens the heart, what checks the impulse to "look inside." In a general way we can surmise that the broken home of the Maupassants had fixed the detachment, the watchfulness, the habit of *surveillance* in the child. Maupassant replaced his disgraced father when Laure left her husband, and there are instances of iron-willed impudence in his childhood which show that he was precociously aware of his powerful position as the supplanting male. Again and again, his stories are of humiliated women and cuckolded men. There must have been precise scenes which remained in his memory all his life; perhaps that scene in *Garcon! Un Bock!* where a man recalls how, as a frightened child, he secretly witnessed a violent quarrel between his father and mother in which the wife is struck to the ground. Such scenes awake double emotions in a child, and they are not a pleasure to recall. They certainly fix in the child's mind a precocious, ungraduated and crude conviction that human relations are to be reduced at once to a question of animal dominance. To see life naked too young is never to observe, later on, that, characteristically, life is dressed. The animal watchfulness of Maupassant is the watchfulness of a childhood not outgrown; his cynicism is the recognition that he is like the father whom he can never cease to hate. And why should he "look inside," in any case? Evil, the child has seen, comes from the outside. It is the outside that must be watched and, towards the end of his life, the very title of *Le Horla*—what is outside—shows that the horrors come from an outside world that cannot be trusted. In the last stages of syphilis, this was Maupassant's terror: that the world would crash inwards upon a nature that, for all its assiduity, could not make itself hard, efficient, drastic, sealed off and settled enough.

Time is the subject of *A Woman's Life*. It is the pervasive theme of a large number of his stories. The early destruction of his moral sense—which was replaced only by an acceptance of the conventional moral sense of his class—led him to see the teeth of time eating up everything. It is disgusting of the Vicomte to betray Jeanne, but as time goes by Jeanne's virtue becomes something like stupidity. Live and let live; life will turn out to be neither as good nor as bad as we think. If we live long enough we shall see things turn into their opposites. So strong and harsh is this passive sentiment in Maupassant that it is strange that time is bungled in *A Woman's Life*; after the miraculous clear and truthful picture of a girl's awakening to love, at first painful and then mature, after the shock, the novel scrambles hurriedly over the years, in too great a haste to point the moral and turn the irony. There is evidence that Maupassant altered and corrected the plot many times; he was at home only in the disconnected episode. His injured spirit needed to work in a limited field; for his intense feeling for time is a feeling for its minutes which became, as it were, concrete. The more slowly his narrative moves, watching dream change to love and love to desire, the more certain is he to put his finger upon the exact shiver of change. Out of this is born his wonderful awareness of the feelings of women who are more exposed to change of feeling than men are. I can think of no chapters in fiction which excel the descriptions of the marriage night and the honeymoon of Jeanne; for it is the sense of change in sexual experience, the sense of the hours or the days going by, which enables him to write of sexual experience explicitly. In his preoccupation with the sexual act in every conceivable circumstance from the brutal and the comic to the ecstatic, there is always an unruffled observation of the changes of mood that make it possible and the changes that are part of it. To those who value sexual conquest, the stages are as important as the conquest, and Maupassant, who is often hypocritically reproached for this excellence, may be compared with those sportsmen who love the creatures they kill. There is not a woman in the sexual episodes of Maupassant's stories who does not come to life in them.

Maupassant's open vanity in his submission to life, is widened by this patient sense of time. The launch of a boat, a drink in a café, an empty afternoon anywhere, the preparations for a shoot, the inquiring hours when lovers sit side by side unable to speak, are not matters to be hurried over. He is so slow that the minutes become dramatic. Every word is an event. The most banal thoughts can be so placed that ecstatic happiness is conveyed by them: "It seemed to her that there were only three beautiful things in the whole of creation, light, space and water." Or again—"They felt happy—each thinking of the other." Time sweeps by in such simple sentences; they have the turning of the earth in them. Just as they have in innumerable minor observations in this novel. Everyone grows old in *A Woman's Life*, yet each in a distinctive way. The day itself and not some constructing, self-imposing author might have written a passage like this:

> In the morning Jeanne would set out to meet him, with Aunt Lison and the Baron, who was gradually growing bent and who walked like a little old man with hands clasped behind his back as if to prevent himself from falling flat on his face. They went very slowly along the road, sometimes sitting down at the edge of the ditch and staring into the distance to see if the rider were not yet in sight. As soon as he appeared, a black dot on the white line, the three of them waved their handkerchiefs. Then he would break into a gallop and arrive like a hurricane, which always made Jeanne and Lison shudder with alarm and produced an enthusiastic 'Bravo' from the grandfather who cheered with all the enthusiasm of one whose active days are over.

Only one or two Russians, Tolstoy above all, have surpassed Maupassant in describing happiness, the delicious sensation of simply being alive; and it is done by fidelity to what is passing, by making concrete the sense of evanescence in ordinary things.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *A Woman's Life*. By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Antonia White. *Hamish Hamilton*. 6s.

WESTMINSTER AND WASHINGTON.

The Two Constitutions. By HAROLD STANNARD. *A. & C. Black.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Parliamentary Affairs: Winter 1949. *Hansard Society.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

How much is there in common between the British and the American constitutions? It is easy to show where they differ. In Britain, power is centralised, Parliament is theoretically omnipotent and the development of Cabinet government has meant majority rule. But in the formal and federal structure of the United States power is distributed, responsibility is divided and the regulation of elections by the calendar is as likely to produce periods of negative government, in which the Congress, the President and the Supreme Court may be at odds, as it is to produce periods of agreement and positive government. These are, of course, familiar textbook differences, to which one can add a score of other examples, such as the contrast between the party systems, the recruitment and character of the civil service and the judiciary in each country, and the wide disparity between the House of Lords and the Senate.

The differences are, indeed, both obvious and immense. Yet the sense of similarity persists, because there is similarity of purpose, whatever the differences in environment and in the immediate ends that each political system is designed to achieve. Putting this purpose in its simplest form, Mr. Stannard suggests that it is "the combination of public order with individual freedom." By itself, this definition is inadequate, for it is merely another formulation of the classical dilemma that democracy continually endeavours to resolve.

But Mr. Stannard goes on to argue that both constitutions are rooted in the same political tradition and they diverge only in method and not at all in basic principle. He believes that the parting of the ways came in the seventeenth century. In Tudor times, he points out, executive power had been concentrated into the hands of the King. But, under the Stuarts, this degenerated into despotism, and the English Revolution was an attempt to resuscitate the Tudor monarchy with constitutional safeguards for personal rights. In Britain, this led eventually to the conversion of the Crown into an instrument of government acting upon the advice of a Cabinet itself responsible to the legislature. But events took a different course across the Atlantic. The Presidency is much closer to the Cromwellian conception of government: the American constitution protects the people from despotism by limiting the power of the Head of State and by insisting upon the periodic renewal of his mandate. In fact, Mr. Stannard suggests, there is much in common between the document drawn up in Philadelphia and the Protectorate's Instrument of Government. The men who drafted both documents had a like problem—how to preserve certain constitutional principles while leaving the King out of the scheme of things; so when the Americans were thrown upon their own political resources, it is not surprising that they drew much—however unconsciously—from the England that the fathers of New England had left.

This is the argument upon which Mr. Stannard's thesis rests. It colours all his judgments in this intriguing essay in the difficult field of comparative government, as he discusses the contrasts and similarities between the Crown and the Constitution, Parliament and Congress, Senate and Lords. It enables him to show how the two systems, steadily diverging in method, still refer back to their common source. Above all, by emphasising that common origin, it brings into sharper relief the divergences created by environment—though he could profitably have paid greater notice both to the American frontier and to Jeffersonian Democracy. But there is one basic difference, caused by the sea-change, which Mr. Stannard seems largely to overlook; he never really faces the implications of American federalism. This may not be his fault altogether, since he died shortly before he finished this excellent book, and it was completed from his notes. The price of successful federalism is that simple majority rule is impossible. It was left to Calhoun, as the defender of the South's "peculiar institution," to formalise the doctrine of the concurrent majority, but it can be argued that the doctrine is inherent in all American constitutional discussion from the moment when the delegates from the thirteen colonies first met in the Continental Congress. Even the Civil War, which may seem to have been fought by the North to refute the Confederate claims, based upon Calhoun's theory, was no exception. The South lost its status as a minority to be conciliated once it put itself outside the Union by secession. But the preservation of the Union, as Lincoln realised, required the earliest possible restoration of a federalism based upon concurrent majority rule.

Mr. Stannard's book will make a valuable introduction for students on either side of the Atlantic. I cannot immediately recall another like it: certainly by none that covers so large a canvas so quickly and yet preserves a real balance in the picture it paints. This book, moreover, will be stimulating and useful to those with greater knowledge.

Another contribution to trans-Atlantic understanding comes, appropriately, from the Hansard Society, which has devoted this enlarged issue of its journal entirely to American politics. Twenty-five essays, by a distinguished list of British and American contributors, cover almost every aspect of U.S. government. Senators, Representatives, ex-Cabinet members and professors write on their own special fields. Taken together, these essays make an admirable volume, which deserves a very wide circulation. The price is moderate. But since this is a book that many of us will want to handle a good deal and to lend to others, it is a pity that the paper binding is inadequate for a volume so thick.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

NEW NOVELS

The Diplomat. By JAMES ALDRIDGE. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Guard of Honour. By JAMES GOULD COZZENS. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Civil Strangers. By CLEDWYN HUGHES. *Phoenix House.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Time Is So Short. By PARR COOPER. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Confronted with two immensely long novels, one by an Australian, the other by an American, I tackled first James Aldridge's *The Diplomat* (720 odd pages). Given my ignorance of Middle Eastern affairs and diplomatic procedure, I felt nervous of reviewing a book which dealt almost entirely with contemporary politics and whose climax is a debate in the House of Commons. Nevertheless, it was presented as a novel and, as such, I could attempt to form some opinion. Here at least was a good theme, the clash between a professional diplomat, intent on securing British interests at all costs, and a young scientist, lent to the Foreign Office, who cannot see a country he knows and loves merely as a pawn in the diplomatic game. Here, too, was an interesting setting, Russia and Iran, described by a writer who, as war correspondent, had first-hand knowledge of both. *The Diplomat* is peopled with characters, British, Russian and Persian; it expresses a number of points of view besides the author's own obviously sincere convictions; it is well written and both landscape and interiors are admirable. And yet . . . and yet . . . why could I never feel for one moment that all this fused into a novel? Was it my own ignorance or prejudice, my dislike of being openly preached at, even by Tolstoy? Was it because the introduction of actual public figures (Attlee, Morrison, Cripps, Molotov, Vishinsky, Maisky and others appear, some with speaking parts) has a perverse way of destroying the very reality the novelist is trying to create? Or because the characters, so carefully described and fitted out with backgrounds, idiosyncrasies and feasible emotions, seemed symbols and mouthpieces rather than persons, and made such long and articulate political speeches to each other even on the most intimate occasions?

Unable to find the answer I turned gloomily to the second long novel. Four bombers on the front of its jacket warned me it was all about the Air Force; quotations of superlative praise on the back showed that the said Air Force was not even British but American. Between lay 631 closely printed pages, packed with technical jargon, American idiom and esoteric slang. As regards total ignorance of background, I had fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire. The first paragraph, like the first paragraph of *The Diplomat*, was very good. The second contained a detailed inventory of the cabin furniture of an

OSBERT LANCASTER AND 42 OTHERS

EVELYN WAUGH • A. P. HERBERT • STELLA GIBBONS • A. A. MILNE • IVOR BROWN

ARTHUR MARSHALL • JOHN BETJEMAN • W. C. SELLAR AND R. J. YEATMAN

MICHAEL BARSLEY'S

The

PHOENIX BOOK OF WIT & HUMOUR

The 'humour book of our generation' is selling fast for a happy Christmas. More than 40 contributors from early Waugh to late Kavanagh are paged in 'this good illustrated anthology' (*News Chronicle*).
Michael Barsley's 'profiles' of the contributors memorable in themselves; and there are are pictures.
Large Cr. 8vo. 256 pp. 10*s.* 6*d. net*

Don't overlook the lovely Tate Gallery PAINTERS AND WRITERS (25*s.* net) containing 96 colour plates of great pictures. The new impression of Lewis and Maude's best-selling ENGLISH MIDDLE CLASSES (15*s.* net) is now out.

Phoenix

Published by Phoenix House Ltd., 38 William IV Street, Charing Cross. Obtainable from or through your bookshop.

STEPHEN POTTER • C. A. LEJEUNE • ANTON

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.*; Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.*; Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

to any country in Europe, £2 10*s.* yearly (except Poland and Iceland. £3).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main air port.
Africa West, £3. South and East, £3 5*s.*
India, Pakistan, £3 12*s.* Singapore, Malaya. £3 15*s.*
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand. £5 5*s.*
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile London. W.C.1. Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $5.50 yearly. Air Express, $15 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland, 2d.: Foreign, 1½d. Canada, 1½*

Gifts decisive?...

Gifts discerning?...

Gifts that don't take too much earning?...

Hearken to the Gipsy's warning

Give 'em PUNCH each Wednesday morning!

Punch for a year costs only 30/- (36/6 overseas) including extra numbers, and we send a greeting card for you. Send to Punch (Gifts), 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4 or through your newsagent.

Book Tallies

The ideal Christmas cards or presents for boys and girls

Ask your bookseller to show you the six sets of Tallies now ready including THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS 7½d. each. A set (7s. 6d.) means twelve lovely coloured cards *and* a 6s. book which the child can choose for himself.

THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH IS "TALLY DAY" AT THE BOOKSHOPS

Poetry and Personal Responsibility

by GEORGE EVERY

'He is never dull and he has something of real value to say concerning changing standards of criticism and the increasing awareness of poetry in the modern mind.' *Higher Educational Journal.* 'Packed so tight with suggestion that it seems absurdly cheap at the price.'—*Fortnightly.*

2s 6d net

Broadcasting and Society

by HARMAN GRISEWOOD

The personal views of the Controller of the Third Programme on the relations of broadcasting to our society. 2s 6d net

Christian Apologetics

by ALAN RICHARDSON, D.D.

The fourth impression is now in hand. 'I believe that many people will find it an authentic turning point in their intellectual life.'—*Observer.* 'One of the most important books on theology that have appeared for some time.'—*Thinker's Digest.* 'It is not one more apology for Christianity but a justification of Christian knowledge itself "at the bar of rational, scientific enquiry". . . . A timely, powerful book.'—*Life and Work.* 12s 6d net

SCM PRESS

56 Bloomsbury Street, London W.C.1

BELL BOOKS *for Christmas*

Christianity & History

HERBERT BUTTERFIELD

SPECTATOR: 'This remarkable book . . . as crystal clear as it is wise and compelling . . . no review can begin to do it justice.' 7s. 6d. *net*

★

Colours & How We See Them

H. HARTRIDGE, F.R.S

'Popular science' at its best. A great authority writes on a superb subject. Profusely illustrated, largely in colour. 15s. *net*

★

England's Dances

DOUGLAS KENNEDY

A practical book for the use and inspiration of folk dancers and a guide to the English tradition of music and dance by the Director of the English Folk Dance and Song Society. *Fully illustrated.* 7s. 6d. *net*

★

Birds of Britain

J. D. MACDONALD

A most attractive new pocket guide for everyone who likes to watch and identify birds. Profusely illustrated in colour, wash and line. 8s. 6d. *net*

★

Everybody's Boswell

with 64 full-page illustrations by E. H. SHEPARD

There could be no more delightful illustrated Boswell. 'It is,' said the *Observer*, 'a book to take all hearts and open all purses.'

630 *pages.* 15s. *net*

World Chess Championship 1948

H. GOLOMBEK

A full record, with all the games most carefully annotated, of the first tournament ever held to decide the world chess championship. A magnificent addition to our famous chess series. 12s. 6d. *net*

Alekhine's Best Games 1938-1948

C. H. O'D. ALEXANDER

FIELD: 'The annotations in this book . . . . could not be bettered for depth and accuracy. The games themselves are almost throughout gems of the art of chess.' 9s. *net*

★

for Boys and Girls

Columbus Sails

written and illustrated by C. WALTER HODGES

H. E. BATES: 'The book is boldly written, even more boldly and imaginatively illustrated. I should back it with my shirt as a safe gift for a boy of 10 to 14, perhaps older.'

Magnificently illustrated. 9s. *net*

The Voyage of the Indian Brig

WINIFRED HOLMES

An exciting sea story, in which three children sail on an adventurous voyage in the Indian Ocean in search of ancient treasure.

Age 10–14. *Fine illustrations.* 8s. 6d. *net*

Marooned in Du-bu Cove

EVELYN CHESEMAN

A 'Robinson Crusoe' story, packed full of adventures, about children marooned on the New Guinea coast, by a well-known naturalist and authority on the South Seas.

Age 10–14. *Fine illustrations.* 8s. 6d. *net*

★

G. BELL AND SONS LTD., LONDON

AT7. At this point I stopped and began to rage inwardly at the "put it all down" school, even beginning to compose a sermon on the text that the real industry of the writer consists, not in the piling on of detail, however accurate, but in digging deep, significant selection, etc. Conscience however demanded that I should attempt to read *Guard of Honour* before preaching about it. And now the biter was well and truly bit. Soon I was so completely involved in the life of an Air Training Base in Florida that even the pleasantest interruptions were unwelcome. The whole action takes place in three days and has three focal points of incident. An embittered professional soldier, a failure relegated to a backwater and beginning to be a pest to the War Department, shoots himself; a phenomenally brilliant white pilot, equally proof against fear and discipline, hits a coloured one whose place has got in the way of a landing; seven parachutists are accidentally drowned during a display to celebrate a popular young general's birthday.

Round these three points, keeping each strand separate, James Gould Cozzens weaves an amazingly complex web of personal and professional jealousies and loyalties, voluntary and involuntary distortions of fact, interested and disinterested attempts to show up or cover up blunders. There are oppositions and conflicts of every kind; between civilians in uniform and professional soldiers, official directives and rule-of-thumb practice; impersonal long-term "war aims" and violent, immediate personal desires and ambitions. There is hardly a human emotion or predicament that he does not contrive to bring, and not drag, into his manifold pattern. The performance is so dazzling that it is almost exhausting; mind and senses are kept on the stretch the whole time so that there are moments when one longs for the tedious passages in Balzac or George Eliot which give time to relax before the next sharp claim on the attention. In a book which contains dozens of characters of both sexes (the women are uncannily well done) each is sharply differentiated, not only in idiom but in every mannerism. I doubt if any two smoke a cigarette, swallow a drink or even wear their uniforms alike. Nor is any character fixed; all suggest the fluidity and inconsistency of real human beings except, perhaps, the slightly too wise, Marlow-like former Judge, Colonel Ross. I am still too fresh from the impact to know whether or not *Guard of Honour* is really a great novel, whether, for all its dazzling surface, it may not be quite as deep as it seems. Perhaps one's suspicions should be aroused by a writer who reminds one simultaneously of Conrad, Balchin, Tolstoy and Henry James. All that I can most definitely say is that it has the quality *The Diplomat* lacks of involving one reader, in spite of strong resistance, up to the hilt in the unfamiliar world the writer presents.

The two short novels, both good of their kind, must get less space than they would in a normal week. *The Civil Strangers* is a tense, sharp study of life in a small Welsh town and village. Cledwyn Hughes has a curious technique, now slowing down to give a minute close-up of a plate of food or an untidy drawer, now pushing on the action at lightning speed through short, well-heard exchanges of dialogue. His mannerisms are sometimes irritating; "A bounce of whiteness and the girl came out. Tennis pleated skirt. White jersey with the red and green stripes" but he builds up vivid pictures in his *pointilliste* style. It is the pictures that remain; a dozen or more interiors, each with its perfectly registered lighting and atmosphere. The characters however tend to fade into types in the memory and become not Idris, Mr. Snoos or Arfon but a Welsh schoolboy, a sadistic and homosexual master, a gentle neurotic who goes mad and murders his grandmother. *Time Is So Short* is a brief but by no means superficial sketch of the last days of a typical Anglo-Indian Army family in the Punjab. With great economy the writer manages to suggest the transition of a whole state of society and the sense of how far more the Goodings have come to depend on India than India on them, for all their honest attempts to help and understand. Agatha Gooding is an extremely good study. Kindly, muddled, officious in spite of herself, she devotes herself to Indian Child Welfare and neglects her family, a neglect supplied by the angry affection of their Indian servant. Deprived of Dominic and of the dog which served as an outlet for the feelings they were trained not to express, one knows that, back in England, each member of the family will collapse through strain or frustration. But for occasional sentimentality and a too-partial tenderness for the girl whose lover is killed, this book might be a minor masterpiece.

ANTONIA WHITE

A PORTUGUESE TRAVELLER

The Grand Peregrination. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber. 25s.*

According to his publishers, Mr. Collis is the first biographer of Fernão Mendes Pinto; and though in recent years much has been written about Pinto by foreign scholars, this is no doubt a justifiable claim; it is certainly true that no biography of him exists in the English language. The omission is a strange one. This Portuguese traveller seems to have been a more poetic and romantic figure, and much more extraordinary, than those colourful Elizabethan explorers whose lives have attracted so much interest. Moreover he wrote a book, known as the *Peregrinacam* which was a best-seller in the seventeenth century and is regarded by his countrymen as a classic. This being the case, why is his name so little known? The same question might have been asked about Marco Polo in the last century, and the answer is the same—that it is difficult to outgrow the reputation of being a liar. "Ferdinand Mendes Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude" is a line given to Foresight in Congreve's *Love for Love*. It has been Mr. Collis's threefold purpose to show us how undeserved this reputation was, to introduce us to a neglected work of art, and to entertain. He has fulfilled it admirably. The shade of Pinto may consider that it has been worth waiting three hundred and fifty years for such an intelligent and appreciative biographer, and one whose knowledge and experience of the East is so wide.

Pinto's life almost spanned the golden period of his country's history. He was born in 1509, seven years after the Pope had issued a bull constituting the King of Portugal "lord of the navigation, conquests and trade of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India." He died in 1583, only a few years before the collapse of the Empire which his generation had built and despoiled. His father, a nobleman, was poor, and Pinto spent most of his youth serving in the households of the nobility, ending up as valet to the bastard son of John III. But the pay barely sufficed him, and, anxious to revive the family name, he decided, after much procrastination, to go East and get rich quickly. Embarking as a common soldier in one of the King's ships, "meanly accommodated," he says, "and submitting myself to whatsoever fortune should arrive in those far distant countries, either good or bad," he sailed out of Lisbon in the spring of 1537. Money was what he was after, it seems; not adventure, nor fame.

An exact account of his life during the next twenty-one years cannot be given; for though the *Peregrinacam* purports to be a description of his travels and adventures, it is partly fictitious. But we do know for certain that he visited every country on the littoral of Asia from Ethiopia to Japan; that he had employment at one time or another as a soldier, a slave, a pirate, a merchant, an ambassador, and a missionary; and that before returning to Portugal he met St. Francis Xavier, fell under his influence, experienced some kind of spiritual crisis, and gave to the Jesuits the greater part of the fortune which he had devoted twenty years to accumulating. Back in Portugal, only a moderately rich man, he passed the rest of his life in retirement writing the *Peregrinacam*. Failing to find a publisher for it before his death, and wishing, it seems, that at least a few people might be improved by his story, he left the manuscript to the governor of an institution for fallen women, stipulating that it should be read to the inmates. Fortunately the Jesuits were frequent visitors at this place, and their interest in the book persuaded the governor of its value. He eventually found a publisher, and the book appeared in 1614. Though no one believed the author, it had an enormous success; by 1700 it had run into nineteen editions in six languages. But interest died down, and during the next two centuries it was reprinted only for the Catholic devout.

Since Pinto's account of his adventures is slightly more extravagant than the almost incredible truth, it is not surprising that his readers in the seventeenth century should have regarded him as a fertile and diverting liar, who was either a prodigious leg-puller or a megalomaniac. But we now know that they misjudged him. Towards the end of the last century, when the history of the East was first seriously studied by Western scholars, it was discovered that at least some of the people in the *Peregrinacam* were real, and that by no means all the events had been invented. Since then the book has been subjected to continuous historical scrutiny and a vast commentary built up on it; and it is now generally agreed that while Pinto was not always the witness, as he pretends to have been, of what he so vividly describes, his picture of the East at the time when he travelled it is authentic in every detail. And this is not the limit of Pinto's exculpation. Mr. Collis goes further. He contends that Pinto, unknown to himself, was a literary genius who naturally conveyed his impressions and experience of the East in an artistic form; and that the *Peregrinacam* must be judged not as a travel book, an autobiography, a history or a romance, but as an original, unclassifiable work of art. In his

By Telephone and Cable

The discoveries of the travelling correspondent who sets a girdle round the earth by a world-hop from capital to capital have their own undoubted value. Foreign news, different in kind, more balanced in perspective and more cumulative in effect, is provided by the team of staff correspondents of The Times posted in almost every important world centre.

A practical journalist, a student of history and a man of affairs, The Times correspondent in Washington or Warsaw, Delhi or Damascus has his part to play in a world-wide Imperial and Foreign News service. His primary function is to give a straightforward and accurate report, free from emotion or prejudice, on the daily march of events. From such objective reports in the News columns, supported and clarified at intervals by Special Articles on the leader page, the reader of The Times draws a faithful and steadily illuminated picture of world history in the making.

THE TIMES

Obtainable from your newsagent or bookstall

A New United Nations Publication

Yearbook of the United Nations 1947-48
Prepared by the United Nations Dept. of Public Information

A comprehensive and authoritative review of the accomplishments of the United Nations and the Specialised Agencies between June 30, 1947 and September 21, 1948.

The *Yearbook* is designed to present in a single volume a complete, official and carefully documented record of meetings held, decisions taken and work done.

A publication of immediate interest and permanent value to public officials, scholars, diplomats, librarians, teachers, students, editors and to all others who desire an accurate and objective account of United Nations activities.

1126 Pages £4 0 0.

Available from:

H.M. Stationery Office, P.O. Box 569 London, S.E.1, or Branches; or from any bookseller.

FIVE SEASONS
OF THE OLD VIC THEATRE CO.

A scrapbook covering the period of the great successes of the Old Vic from 1944-1949. With a contribution by Sir Laurence Olivier and over one hundred illustrations.

Price 12/6 nett.

THE SATURN PRESS

THE COLLECTORS' BOOK CLUB

Specialise in books of beauty for the booklover. Important books of every kind are selected monthly from leading publishers' advance lists, they are then beautifully produced in full leather bindings, blocked in real gold leaf, specially designed; our books are inexpensive. Prices from 12/6.

Available this month

First complete and accurate version of

Oscar Wilde's DE PROFUNDIS

with a preface and autographed by Vyvyan Holland (published in co-operation with Methuen). Limited edition of 200 copies, bound in morocco, with gilt top 24/-. Available to members only

There is no membership fee. Subscription for 6 months £5. 5. 0. Please write for our free prospectus and catalogue to: editions de luxe ltd. "Museum House" 25, Museum Street, W.C.1.

West of the Rockies
by ERNEST YOUNG

A journey on foot and by bus, by a much-travelled author over a part of the world rarely traversed purposefully. Mr. Young's shrewd observations and amusing anecdotes give master touches to his excellent descriptive writing.

24 pages of illustrations, 33 maps, 250 pages. 21/- net.

To be published December 5th

The Middle Sea
L. G. PINE, Editor of Burke's Peerage

A story of the Mediterranean lands of today, and of those former civilisations that form such a fascinating background to those who now live in the region. Mr. Pine combines a marked descriptive ability and personal knowledge of the Mediterranean within a work both factual and romantic.

32 illustrations, 9 maps, over 200 pages. 18/6 net.

To be published January 1950

EDWARD STANFORD LTD.
12 - 14 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

★

A Historic Document

Full text of China's **'Common Programme'** adopted at Peking on Sept. 29th, 1949.

Four Hitherto Untranslated Articles of Stalin

Also: **Wall Street Glamour Boy** by Ivor Montagu; **Honour to Stalin** by R. P. D.; **Attlee's Axe** by George Matthews.

All in the December

LABOUR MONTHLY

(Founded 1921 Editor R. Palme Dutt)

1s. at all newsagents or 12s. annually (13s. overseas) from N.S.12, No. 134 Ballards Lane, London N.3

THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY

in collaboration with

PERCY COLSON

OSCAR WILDE and THE BLACK DOUGLAS

By far the most important book yet written on the Wilde tragedy, including important and hitherto unpublished letters and other new material

With Frontispiece 20/-

HUTCHINSON
Largest of Book Publishers

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

119–125
CHARING CROSS RD
LONDON WC2
Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)
Open 9–6 (inc Sats)

Courses of Study for
London University Degrees

- Since 1887, U.C.C., with its staff of highly qualified Tutors, has prepared many thousands of students for London University Degrees, open to all without residence. Courses of study are provided for the required exams., *i.e.* Matriculation, or the Special Entrance exam., and the Intermediate and Degree exams. in Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Laws, Engineering, Divinity; for M.A., Diploma in Public Administration, and other Diplomas and Certificates.
- The College is an Educational Trust, not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern.

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS to the Registrar,

University Correspondence College
70 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

Christmas Book List

Give good books and you will make, and keep, good friends. Grown-ups will find in Hatchards —The World's Finest Bookshop—a comprehensive range of new and secondhand books. Children will find a lovely Book Room of their own. Call, write or 'phone for List.

Hatchards
187, PICCADILLY, W.1.
(REGent 3201-6)
Booksellers to Their Majesties The King, The Queen, and to Queen Mary

SIGHT & SOUND

New Issue, ready December 12

"GIVE US THIS DAY"
Richard Winnington

Also: Peter Ustinov, John Betjeman, Philip Hope-Wallace, Paul Rotha

2/6 from bookshops, or by subscription from

THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE
164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2

CURRENT AFFAIRS
FORTNIGHTLY

OUT NOW

Human Rights *by G. T. Hankin*
READY 10th DECEMBER

Country Planning *by Dr. C. S. Orwin*

15 - annually, post free, or 9d. per copy.
From The Bureau of Current Affairs,
117 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

opinion it is a masterpiece "which enlarges, by transcending, truth."

It need not be supposed that Mr. Collis has been infected by his subject. A glimpse of the *Peregrinacam* itself might bring disillusionment; but at any rate to a reader of *The Grand Peregrination*, this high estimate of Pinto does not appear extravagant. MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

ARCHITECTURE AND IDEAS

Heavenly Mansions, and other Essays on Architecture. By JOHN SUMMERSON. *Cresset Press.* 21*s.*

Lord Burlington thought Lincoln cathedral "by far the noblest Gothic structure in England," while its west front he "preferred to anything of the kind in Europe." "Whoever had the conducting of it," he said, "was well acquainted with the noblest buildings of Old Rome." So James Essex told the Society of Antiquaries in 1786, and Burlington's explanation of the merits of the Lincoln front has served at least one writer, in his twentieth-century superiority, as an illustration of the eighteenth century's ignorance of the real principles of medieval architecture, on a par with Batty Langley's invention of a set of Gothic orders.

But now comes Mr. Summerson and shows, in the essay that gives its title to his new book, that Lord Burlington may have got something after all. Not, I hasten to add, that he suggests that any of the builders of Lincoln had done the Grand Tour, which is what Burlington implies; in fact Mr. Summerson mentions neither the Lincoln front nor Burlington's views about it. What he shows is that the classical resurgence or "renaissance" of the twelfth century, which has long been recognised in other departments of the culture of the time, had its effect on architecture also, "making it possible for the vestigial memories of Roman decoration to coalesce once again into a nearly classical form of expression." The particular decorative motif that the twelfth century took up and developed into a whole system of architecture was the *aedicule*, the miniature temple or shrine which had been much used throughout Roman times and reached its apotheosis (in the sense of liberation from the earthly ties of structural necessity) in the kind of wall paintings known as Pompeian. Can it be that Burlington sensed in the Lincoln front—one of the most thoroughly *aedicular* things in England—more than his rather limited theory of art history allowed him to formulate? It does not seem so very unlikely, if one agrees with Mr. Summerson that "it is probably nearer the truth to think of the whole flow of European art as a classic stream, distorted for a period from its course, than to think of an opponent 'will to form,' breaking in during a Gothic interval and disappearing again with the exhumation of antiquity during the quattrocento." And Burlington, steeped in classical architecture as he was, is a witness with a right to be listened to.

In spite of Worringer, English writers who examine a Gothic building with other intentions than those of the antiquary choose, more often than not, one of two widely separated points of view. Either they regard it as a work of engineering, thus acknowledging (whether consciously or not) the persuasiveness of Viollet-le-Duc, or, standing where the painters of the Picturesque stood a century and a half ago, they regard it almost as a work of nature, owing much of its beauty to the effects of time and weather and the accidents of light. The great value of Mr. Summerson's interpretation of Gothic architecture is that it makes it possible to look at a Gothic building as a work of art. For this reason the essay in which he presents us with it is the most important in the collection.

That is saying much. In the past, writing on architecture in England has been largely in the hands of practising architects; and practising architects, though perceptive enough of the qualities of individual buildings, are not often very happy when forced—as sooner or later the writer on any art must be forced—to deal with general ideas; Mr. Summerson, on the other hand, is quite at home with ideas; in fact he clearly could not exist for more than a paragraph or two without them. And they are the kind of ideas that, once you have got hold of them, you can use as torches, less likely to burn your fingers than Ruskin's lamps, to light up whole classes of things. His aedicular theory of Gothic is of course a case in point; another is the antithesis between the intellectual and intuitive methods in architectural design, which provides the thread running through the essays on the Quattrocento, Wren, and Viollet-le-Duc. But even when he is being most "purely" historical, as in "John Wood and the English Town-Planning Tradition," the play of ideas is always there. And it is accompanied by an agreeable love of paradox which leads him, for instance, to describe that formidable churchman William Butterfield as a *fauve*. (He does so, I allow, with a respectful indirectness.) This love of paradox makes it the more strange that he should not see that the fact that Dudok's buildings at Hilversum have been more imitated in England than in Holland is really evidence tending to prove, not to disprove, the possibility of a national style of architecture emerging. Surely the truth is that the effects for which English architects found contemporary authority in Dudok's work were effects of a kind which has recurred so often in English architecture that there must be some constant in the English temperament to account for it—or in other words, that Dudok is the most English of Dutch architects. But Mr. Summerson's reflections on the architectural situation to-day should help to clear so many minds of cant that one hesitates to make even this criticism.

MARCUS WHIFFEN

FRONTIERS OF MIND AND LIFE

A Mine of Serpents. By JOCELYN BROOKE. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Confession of a Rebel. By JACK CLEMO. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Look into the books of those writers who grew up in the Thirties and see how many times the frontier, life close to the frontier, becomes a symbol. Many of these writers still haunt frontier country. Here is Mr. Brooke writing of a water tower that he has known all his life. It is the final passage of his new book; this bit of countryside is one of the connecting links in his narrative.

> I took the train home: it was "Munich" weather again hot and thunderous, with periods of light drizzle. Instead of leaving the train at Canterbury, as I usually did, I went on to Bekesbourne. The station was silent and apparently deserted, isolated among high, empty-looking fields. The rain fell gently; I looked across at the line of woods on the horizon, and gave a sudden start of surprised recognition: there, protruding nakedly from the dark mass of trees, gleaming with a tarnished whiteness against the grey sky, was the water tower. I had scarcely ever seen it, before, from this aspect: I was on the "wrong" side of it, beyond the frontier-line of the woods. Over there, on the other side, was familiar country; mute, non-committal, the tower stood between two worlds, guarding the frontier: its white cap poised, like a silent, hovering bird, between the future and the past.

In this new book, his life and memories march with many frontiers. Oxford in the Twenties merges into Bloomsbury and the Thirties; soldiering with the R.A.M.C. in Italy during the war is a step away from literary parties; Basil Medlicott, a robust, tatty extravert of an ex-regular officer is one friend; Hew Dallas, the Oxford aesthete, is another. *A Mine of Serpents* is described by the author himself as being complementary to *The Military Orchid*—that much praised book. It is another set of variations upon the same or similar thematic material—Italy, botany, pyrotechny, Dover, books of a Great War childhood, all appear and re-appear, sometimes in the major, sometimes the minor. It is an extremely well planned book. You read easily on—across these frontiers—with no sense

of jumping wildly from period to period, scene to scene.

Like *The Military Orchid* this book is (I can think of nothing better to call it) a series of heightened reminiscences. Characters are composite characters, the author himself included. The first book showed us an excellently lucid writer with a range of fascinating subject-matter in which botanising was the connecting background. We have grown used to reminiscences in which the events, the ideas, the interest do get across in spite of dull writing and pompous periods, like good bar stories badly told. It is a good change to read a finely textured prose, written with something more than competence—with learning, gaiety and an occasional acidity that reveals a sharp awareness of character. Mr. Brooke is a poet and a botanist. What he sees, he sees straight and clearly. And he can describe with all the precision of a good botanist what the poet in him has seen. Books in this genre fall flat when nostalgia becomes too soft, when wit and understanding give way to padding and mawkishness. Mr. Brooke used to read *Little Folks* when he was a child. I find his reaching back for the magic of the girls' stories and the cocoa advertisements of those days quite forced and artificial. But when the child is aware of the orchids, the ransoms, the celandines in the valleys by his home the whole countryside comes most startlingly to life.

Confessions of a Rebel is just about as far removed in content and style from *A Mine of Serpents* as is possible. Mr. Clemo has lived by far more real frontiers. Blindness as a child, complete deafness later on; all the time poverty and ill-health close up to him. He has lived all his life—he is thirty-three—in a small Cornish village, writing many unpublished novels. His years of unhappiness, repression, writing, reached a climax, when at last a novel of his was accepted—*Wilding Craft*. His autobiography is a rugged and naive book, sincere, moving and frank. It is ruggedly written. Compared with the ease of Mr. Brooke's writing, this really is prose that comes in chunks out of a life that has been hard and uncompromising.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

Reading a Novel. By WALTER ALLEN. *Phoenix House.* 5*s.*

If we take a reader who has enjoyed *Brighton Rock* and *The Mill on the Floss*, but who has been scared off by *The Heart of the Matter* and has never heard of *Middlemarch* then we know the kind of reader for whom Mr. Allen has written this businesslike and courteous little guidebook. Why read novels? Why read the classics? Why read the works of contemporary novelists? In his opening chapters, which are all brief, pointed, informative and persuasive, Mr. Allen indicates his answers to these, and also to other unformulated questions. Writing himself with authority and knowledge, he is aware of the suspicions raised, and the damage done, by less authoritative and knowledgeable writers. Is the current admiration for George Eliot some kind of obscure highbrow racket? What's so terrific about Dostoevsky? This is sales resistance, and Mr. Allen, aware that his product is a good one, meets it with directness. His first six chapters are general. In the last he discusses, in greater detail, six novels. His authors are Graham Greene, Virginia Woolf, George Eliot, Christopher Isherwood, Joyce Cary, and François Mauriac. On the contemporary writers Mr. Allen moves from the position of a lecturer to that of a researcher putting forward the results of his own work; he invites, if he does not challenge, disagreement. It is a highly educative process, not only in the sense that this would be an ideal textbook for adult education classes, but because Mr. Allen is recognised as being one of the most gifted and patient researchers working in this field and what he writes is an important influence on forming educated opinion. It would be unwise for any critic to write about any author that Mr. Allen has touched upon in this little book without having a look at what he has said.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. TCHAIKOVSKY: Fourth in F minor (Paris Conservatoire/Kleiber. AK2272-6). A vigorous, sensitive, and unaffected performance. Unhappily, the set is ruined—but in the second movement *only*—by eccentric phrasing, which evidently flustered the players; and by an equally sudden lapse in the recording. If sides 5 and 6 were remade, the issue would supersede Koussevitzky's, which shows its age badly. TCHAIKOVSKY: Sixth in B minor ("Pathétique") (Vienna Phil/Karajan. LX1234-9). This won't do at all. Iron self-control on the part of the conductor is absolutely necessary in this symphony. To slow up at the B minor passage in the second movement not only makes a vulgar effect, it splits the movement in two. Again, any tyro can make a splash with the Scherzo; but to realise the composer's intention means holding back, at crucial moments, and broadening out (as Malko does) for the final pandemonium. In the present version of this movement the tempo is not steady throughout the orchestra: the tune is always a fraction ahead of the triplet figure. There are some ragged entries, especially in the Finale—a fault we do not expect of the Vienna Philharmonic. The recording, at first dull and muddy, clears up somewhat, but never entirely.

Concertos. RACHMANINOFF: *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* (Cyril Smith/Philharmonia/Sargent. DX1608-10). A remarkably well made set. One hears far more of the orchestral detail than in previous issues, and Cyril Smith's playing of the solo can stand comparison with Rubinstein's. Not much subtlety, of course; and in the *affetuoso* passages the pianist seems too anxious to avoid sentimentality; but I am not sure that this is not on the whole the best set available.

(I suspend comment on the Heifetz issue of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, in the hope that by next month the Decca set may be available for comparison.)

Miscellaneous Orchestral. WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger*—Overture, and *Tannhäuser*—Grand March, Act II (Philharmonia/Dobrowen. C3926-7). There is much to be said for a broad treatment of the *Meistersinger* Overture, even if this means three sides instead of the usual two; but in that case the weight of the string body must be far greater than it is here. Issai Dobrowen secures some lovely woodwind playing; but the balance elsewhere is dismal, the tempo quickens suddenly at the beginning of side 3, and the climaxes are most unpleasant in tone. In the March from *Tannhäuser* the faults are less damaging. MENDELSSOHN: *Fingal's Cave* (The Hebrides)—Overture (LPO/Van Beinum. K2237). At one or two points Van Beinum's beat becomes perilously slow and the music threatens to fall asleep. Otherwise this is easily the best modern recording. The performance is in the best sense romantic, the detail always taken care of and the phrasing most beautiful. STRAUSS: Suite—"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (RPO/Beecham. DB6646-8). A disappointment. Not enough pains have been taken to prevent the chamber orchestra from sounding harsh and metallic. There are some delicious moments in this endearing score, but they are not very gracefully rendered, and the Dinner Scene in particular is much too heavily played. Beecham omits three numbers: the Minuet, Courante, and Saraband. A great pity. VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—Overture (Philharmonia/Markevitch. C3920). In this his gramophone debut Igor Markevitch certainly covers himself with glory. He has not gone out after a "personal interpretation": there is nothing here but Verdi's music, conducted with extreme delicacy and precision. The dynamic range is wide and there are some very remarkable *pianissimi*, clearly and steadily recorded. In the opening bars the brazen octaves are a bit sour in tone; but the tutti are well engineered. GRIEG: *Peer Gynt*—Suite No. 1 (Hallé/Barbirolli. C3921-2). A

DISTINCTIVE BOOKS, produced with care and published with pride

As Christmas Gifts or instead of Christmas Cards

FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN SUMMER
FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN AUTUMN
FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN WINTER
FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN SPRING
all 2s. 6d. each

Of special interest to "New Statesman" readers

THE WESTERN TRADITION
7s. 6d. net
Comprised of a series of B.B.C. talks by *Bertrand Russell, Arnold Toynbee, R. H. S. Crossman and others.*
Foreword by LORD LAYTON

CASTLE PRESS

Immortal Diamond
Studies in Gerard Manley Hopkins
Edited by
NORMAN WEYAND 21/- net
". . . one of the best books ever written about Father Hopkins."
Irish Press

'Four Quartets' Rehearsed
By RAYMOND PRESTON 5/- net
"Even those who think they know the poems well are likely to find their appreciation deepened and clarified by Mr. Preston's commentary."
Professor L. C. Knights in *Humanitas*

SHEED & WARD

Bookshops of DISTINCTION

WITH fine stocks of the best current and standard publications, including a unique range of technical works. You are assured of a cordial welcome, with complete freedom to browse at leisure, and a prompt and efficient postal service.

We can supply any book mentioned in this journal.

'BOOKS & CAREERS'
39, SOUTH AUDLEY ST., LONDON, W.1 (GRO. 4791)
And Branches

THE TIDE BEGINS TO FLOW FOR THE WRITER
The second release of paper in 1949 means more scope for writers. Let expert coaches teach individually by post, saving time, expense and disappointment. The only School under patronage of leading newspaper proprietors. Courses: Journalism, Short Stories, Poetry, Radio Plays. REDUCED FEES. FREE BOOK from: Prospectus Office, LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, 57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 MUSEUM 4574

beautifully spacious recording. The performance is so good that it gives an air of novelty to music which we know almost too well. BIZET: Overture —*Patrie* (NSO/Desormière. AK 2105-6). This tedious rhadomontade contains hardly an inkling of the Bizet we love. A *faux pas*, better ignored—despite a good recording. DEBUSSY: *Petite Suite* (Paris Conservatoire/Ansermet. AK2047-8). An early work, written for piano duet and orchestrated by R. E. Busser. Fresh, guileless, pretty music, admirably played and recorded. JOHANN STRAUSS: Waltz—*Rosen aus dem Süden* (Vienna Phil/Bohm. C3919). The violins have a silkiness of tone rarely encountered in modern recordings, but the performance as a whole is unconscionably rowdy. No doubt the piece is rather coarsely scored; but that is no excuse for placing the big drum and cymbals so close to the microphone, or for making no attempt at lightness. The Decca record (New SO/Krips) is inferior in string tone, but otherwise a great deal more agreeable to listen to than this.

Chamber Music and Piano Solo. HAYDN: String Quartet, E flat major, Op. 64, No. 6 (New Italian Qt. AK2159-60). This set would make a perfect Christmas present for the more seriously musical. The work itself is a mature example of Haydn's grandest style, the performance is very handsome indeed, and the recording a model of good balance and realistic tone. PRIAULX RAINIER: String Quartet No. 1 (Amadeus Qt. AK2278-9). It is hard to describe the quality of this fascinating work, for Miss Priaulx Rainier, who is a young South African composer, gives me the impression of having thoroughly digested whatever music may have influenced her. Her style is definitely tonal and she uses it with assurance. The part-writing is transparent, the general feeling of the music vivacious and lyrical. The quiet ending of the slow movement is most imaginative. The Amadeus Quartet play nimbly and sensitively, and the work is extremely well recorded. REIZENSTEIN: *Prologue, Variations and Finale*, for Violin and Piano (Rostal/Reizenstein. AK1187-90). School of Hindemith. Thoughtful, well written music, with moments of intensity. Admirably played, but the piano tone not quite solid enough and the violin a little too near for comfort. Recommended to those interested in contemporary music. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, A flat major, Op. 26 (Gieseking. LX1230-2). Not as sensitive a performance as Gieseking usually has to offer. A somewhat characterless rendering, except in the Finale, which is limpidly played. Recording fair. Surely this is a very stodgy and humourless work. No? The fill-up is the Schumannesque "Für Elise." SCHUMANN: Fantaisie, C major, Op. 17 (Edwin Fischer. DB6959-61). A splendid piece—so much more successful than Schumann's formally conventional sonatas—and it needed recording. This version is only partially welcome, for in the strenuous sections of the first two movements the pianist's technique shows as insecure. His performance substitutes emphasis for strength. The tranquil third movement, with its lovely harmonic progressions, comes off best. SCARLATTI: Sonatas, D major (L461) and G minor (L499) (Jacqueline Blancard. K2247). Clear, well thought out playing; good recording. It must be difficult to prevent the "Cat's Fugue" from sounding heavy on the piano. Mlle Blancard takes a serious view of it and the result is rather cumbrous; but the D major Sonata is a delight.

Vocal. STRAUSS: *Salome*—Final Scene (Ljuba Welitsch Metropolitan Opera Orch./Reiner. LX1241-2). We are unlikely to hear a better Salome than Mme Welitsch. This is a thrilling performance, but the recording is very precarious. The orchestra plays magnificently, but it is not well balanced, and in the big climaxes the tone deteriorates all round. Still, as the souvenir of a tremendous operatic assumption the set imposes itself. WAGNER: *Die Walküre*—"Todesverkündigung," Act II (Flagstad/Svanholm/Philharmonia Böhm. DB6962-3). Mme Flagstad at her noble best, ill-matched by Svanholm's hard, monotonous and effortful tenor. Recording on the whole good, except for some nasty patches on side 4. DONIZETTI: *La Favorita*—"A tanto amor" (act III); MASSENET: *Il Re di Lahore*—"O casto fior" (act IV) (Silveri/Cov. Garden Orch./Goehr. LX1240). One of the best—because most restrained—records this singer has yet made. The uncommonly beautiful aria from the *King of Lahore* is specially recommended to those who may be inclined to despise Massenet. Signor Silveri is so able a baritone that one finds it difficult to pardon the lapses of taste in which he indulges, even here—sudden bursts of tone that seem intended to be dramatic but are in fact simply ugly. JOHANN STRAUSS: *Frühlingsstimmen*—Waltz (Erna Berger/Philharmonia/Süsskind. DB6954). A most felicitous record. It is worth noting that the vocal part was a feature of the original composition—not added later on, as in the case of so many other Strauss waltzes. Mme Berger sings it with astonishing agility, as well as a truly Viennese blitheness. The orchestral part is discreetly played and the balance excellent. BIZET: *The Fair Maid of Perth*—"Sweet echo"; MEYERBEER: *Dinorah*—"Ombra leggiera" (Gwen Catley/LSO/Robinson. C3931). Three cheers for Miss Catley! This exquisite record is a memorable piece of pure and effortless coloratura. The Bizet aria deserves to be much more widely known—as indeed does the whole opera, which might with advantage be revived by Sadler's Wells. SCHUBERT: *Prometheus* and *Der Erlkönig* (Bernhard Sönnerstedt. C3925). This excellent baritone just misses the grandeur of delivery without which Schubert's setting of *Prometheus* must seem less than adequate to the poem. In the *Erlkönig* his fine voice and his refusal to overdramatise are seen to admirable effect. The performance is further distinguished by some marvellous playing from Gerald Moore: GILBERT and SULLIVAN: Decca announce a complete series of these operettas. *Trial by Jury* has already appeared, and *H.M.S. Pinafore* is due this month. The singing of the D'Oyly Carte company is not up to much, these days; but the recording seems quite serviceable. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

A RECORD can never be better than the player. This Statement poses many technical questions to which the ENOCK Instrument is the complete answer.

WE SHALL BE HAPPY TO PROVE HOW COMPLETE THAT ANSWER IS.

JOSEPH ENOCK LTD.

273 HIGH STREET, BRENTFORD, MIDDX.
EALING 8103

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,033

Set by Richard Lister

For the usual prizes, competitors are invited to invent an anecdote of not more than 150 words which begins with the words: "The four people present were all white . . .": and which includes somewhere in it the phrase "the tea was already cold": and which ends with the words "I only know I didn't." Entries by December 13th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,030

Set by R. K. Buchanan

The Concise Oxford Dictionary gives the following definition: "Sonnet, n. Poem of 14 lines (usu. rhyming thus; pig bat cat wig jig hat rat fig; lie red sob die bed rob or lie red die bed pie wed or otherwise e.g. as in Shakspere's ss.)." The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet using these words as line endings.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

Condemned! all you who cheat by making Pig
A surname; and make pig his eyelids bat.
You crypto-Tories more deserve the cat
Than prize, for ill-bred jibes at Nye's free wig,
Or—even more trite and tasteless—Braddock's jig.
Though rhymes you plucked like rabbits from a hat
How dared you palm me off with Ararat,
And for the sonnet's form give not a fig!

Around me ankle deep the entries lie,
My wits are addled, and my eyes are red.
Another ten, and I'll begin to sob,
Than read a hundred more I'd rather die.
Good heavens, how I long to go to bed!
Stay!—I'll compete, and you of guineas rob!

Desperately cornered by a milling mob of entries, and wantonly exposing his own flank by the above sonnet ground out of him at 1 a.m., the setter fights back with hastily contrived weapons. No proper names ("... a don called Robert Pigge"), no Pubs ("the Swill and Pig"), no easy ways around the problem of connecting the nouns by catalogues of witches' brews, dreams, and the animals in the Ark. Certainly no brazen devices like "The following sonnet is intended to be spoken by somebody with a heavy cold in the nose." An odd fact, unsuspected by the setter, was that the rhymes seemed to inspire a nasty, narking spirit—"the misanthropy of these lines is purely rhyme-inspired" pleaded Cicely Fraser—which was all too apparent in the heavy crop of reactionary snarls. Pig, bat, cat, etc., do not, it appears, suggest progress, enthusiasm, generosity and all the other qualities NEW STATESMAN readers are usually ready to die for: they suggest grumbling, jeering and sabotage, with such deplorable results as can be seen below. Prizes of one guinea each to R. S. Jaffray, Christabel McLean, J. P. Stevenson, Jape, E. M., and P. Baggallay. Honourable mention: Guy Innes, Esmé Kelly, M. G., M. L. B., J. Welsh, M. E. K. S., Susanne Knowles, S. H. Findlay. Bright but rule-breaking entries from H. G. W., Margaret Usborne and John le Maistre.

Safely disposed within his poke is pig;
In every belfry stirs the hanging bat;
Back to her bag steals the secretive cat.
The fighting's done: there on the green no wig.
The Hubbard's dog is dozing from his jig;
Threatened, but still uneaten, hangs the hat;
Flits from the ship the last prophetic rat.
Forget them all—you needn't care a fig.

No further question ask; be told no lie.
Balance the day's accounts; see no more red.
For all the milk you've spilt no longer sob;
Jacta est—cast is . . . *alea*—the die;
Now you have made it, rest upon your bed
And let Time's honoured thief the slow night rob.

CHRISTABEL MCLEAN

Rhyming and scansion do not suit a pig
And only nursery verse salutes a bat.
Some poets have done justice to a cat,
But who in Helicon admires a wig?
A stately rhythm cannot dance a jig,
The limerick is better for a hat,
We do not see much beauty in a rat,
Pistol could only prate about the fig.
Glamour beneath an eyebrow well may lie
And battle-pieces like a touch of red
While lovelorn maidens in pure lines may sob:
But heroes need an epic when they die,
A psalm is easier for an old man's bed.
These words of tone a sonnet rather rob.

R. S. JAFFRAY

As fire to *ignis fatuus*, pearl to pig,
Venus to Vulcan, peregrine to bat,
As argent leopard to castrated cat,
Spun gold of Helen to a horsehair wig;
As minuet of Mozart to a jig,

PERSONAL

ONE or two rooms with use of separate kit., Finchley, available at low rent in exch. domestic help with family.—Box 3442.

YOUNG writer (34) seeks job as secretary to some cultural or similar organisation; or would be interested in working with theatre group.—Box 3386.

CHRISTMAS Holiday House to let. From Dec. 22—few weeks. Very suitable children all ages. Daily help. Accom. 7 or 8. Ches-wright, Fairnie Lea, Hambrook, Chichester.

GENTLEWOMAN, naturalised Austrian, middle-aged, seeks post as Companion-help in good home. Small salary, light duties, highest references. Box 3336.

YOUNG Frenchman (24) wishes to live au pair in English family, willing either reciprocate by extending hospitality young Englishman South of France, or undertake any work for small salary.—Box 3428.

SCHOOLMISTRESS, 30, sks. job Xmas hols., typist, anything consid. Box 3252.

SITUATION desperate. Young man continuing music studies, London, Jan., reqs. term-time room, caravan, houseboat, return light duties. "Sit-in" children, gardening, etc. Equable disposition. Box 3263.

WANTED—educated persons, either sex, of good social background for part-time work with an international flavour. Domicile immaterial, but University or South Coast towns an advantage.—Box 3395.

PRIVATE Secretary (high speeds) with part-time post seeks job evenings or/and week-ends, preferably with doctor, M.P. or author (London), temp./permanent, or would give services in exchange quiet room; happy personality; wide interests.—Box 3423.

MODERN Jazz-music (intng.) for piano/orch. wanted, to borrow/buy.—Box 3394.

GRATEFUL thanks in advance indication where find a (new) "slip-in" album for quarter-plate photographs. Box 3184.

WORLD Cruise. Owner large motor-yacht wishes to meet enthusiasts, share duties and expenses. Two years. Box 2986.

MENSA is a society for people who are very bright, extremely clever, highly intelligent. Particulars from the Secretary, Upwood House, Caterham, Surrey.

JULIAN Gardiner, teacher of singing, voice-production. WES. 2366.

PAINTING in Oils, individual tuition in private Studio. Jabe, 76 Wigmore St. W.1. Wel. 1553.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

TRANSLS. European languages into Spanish, English, German. Tuition. Ter. 3586.

GERMAN translation undertaken, mod. terms. Apply H. F. Black, 1, Claremont Flats, Claremont Ave., Bristol 7.

MUSIC-lovers, hear at Sight! Special aural training by soundest methods. Highest references. Proved successes. Box 3155.

INDIVIDUAL postal tuition in French and German; cultural and vocational.—BM/NNRC, London, W.C.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kõllerström. 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

HONOURS Graduate offers coaching in Latin, London area.—Box 3437.

ERICA will come to your home with her camera to make a picture story of the children. 22 Boswell St., W.C.1. HOL. 3708.

SPEECHES without fears. An expert removes your fears. "Vox," 14 Moffat Rd., Dumfries.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

COACHING: Latin, Greek and German by professional teacher. Box 3332.

WELL-qualified linguist offers private lessons, 5s. per hour, in French, German, Latin, Grammar translation, Prose, Composition. Write to: Mr. A. Paley, 24 Longridge Rd., Earls Court, S.W.5.

CHRISTMAS 1949. Set of nine Christmas Cards including designs by Eric Gill, David Jones, etc., printed in various colours on fine papers for five shillings. From The Ditchling Press Limited, Ditchling, Sussex.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

GAY, lighthearted, decorated poems for children by a forgotten Victorian will make unusual gift. Only 500 brightly bound, numbered, hand-printed copies, 3s. 6d. each from The Tudor Press, Bushey, Herts.

PERSONAL—continued

CHINESE Christmas cards. Sets of six cards in full colour by contemporary artists, price 3s. 6d. a set with envelopes. Large colour reproductions of paintings by well-known modern artists, Chang Ta-Chien, Chi-Pai-shih, Lu Feng-tze, Ju Peon and Fu Pao-shih, price 7s. 6d. each. "Chinese Hands," a book for children with 58 photographic illustrations by Hedda Morrison showing the hand tradition in China. Price 6s. postage free.—Box 3539.

CHRISTMAS cards from paintings of the French impressionists and the Ecole de Paris (Degas, Cezanne, Monet, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Picasso, etc.) can be obtained from the Soho Gallery Ltd., 18, Soho Square, London, W.1. Tel. Gerrard 6841. Price 15s dozen.

IF Only—Those Lives Could Be Saved. 400 die from Tuberculosis in this country every week. You can help. Buy Christmas Seals (4/- per hundred) and Greeting Cards (6d. each). National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, Tavistock House North, W.C.1.

RUTH Holz, photographer, Children & Portraiture in your home.—PRImrose 4505.

SWISS Winter Sports party for Christmas, good food and company. Fortnight £36. Write Box 3361.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Principal, Noel Heath. Offers all facilities for Pottery, Carving, Weaving, Painting etc. Additionally, two attractive rooms available for writer or artist until March.

AUSTRIAN Winter Sports Holidays within your means! Benefit by the very favourable tourist rate recently introduced and enjoy an excellent ski-ing holiday at pre-war standards. Ask for full details of my parties for beginners and experienced ski-iers all through the season and independent arrangements at recently visited Austrian mountain villages. 17 days inclusive from £25. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FOREST School Holiday House-party for boys and girls aged 6-12, Dec. 28 to Jan. 6, in school premises. Apply Sec., Whitwell Hall, Reepham, Norfolk.

CHRISTMAS/New Year House Parties in London, the country and by the sea offer a varied programme—dancing (resident orchestras), tennis, squash, riding & usual festivities. Accom. in gd. hotels, pleasant surroundings, good company. Mod. terms inc. reserved travel. Write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831.

XMAS in the Savoy Alps amidst sun and snow. Special escorted party 17 days £35 10s. incl. Detailed programme, Allways Travel Service, 20 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. Tem. 8702.

WINTER Sports. Small private party going to Austria at Xmas. Beginners welcome. Moderate terms. Box 3559.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rentals. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St. E.C.4.

HALL now available, Leicester Square, for Exhibitions, Lectures, Meetings, Rehearsals, Receptions. Accommodation 200. Apply Chaudhuri, 17 Irving St. W.C.2. ABD. 4188.

YOUR party, your home, our catering. This means that you can really entertain your guests. Laytons Wine Merchants, 22 Duke St. (by Manchester Sq.), W.1. WEL. 1864, 8808.

SCHOOLS

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 10 to 18. Founder: Miss B. Chambers, M.A., Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

PARIS English College, 39 Av. de la Bourdonnais, (VII). Boys & Girls. Ideal boarding school. French courses. Coaching for exams. Transfer of fees allowed.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Eton Ave. Hampst. Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange poss. Own swimming, boating. Prog. Co-ed. 5-18. Henry & Eliz. Paul, Ph.D.

SHERWOOD School, Epsom. A Co-ed. Community (Boarding and Day). Aims: Co-operation, initiative, friendliness. Well-balanced education to General Certificate. Edge of Downs; excellent train, bus service S.W. London. Harold A. Pratt, B.A.(Oxon).

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Entrance and Scholarship Tests will be held at the school from March 28-31, 1950. Two or three scholarships are offered this year, value £60 per annum. Details may be obtained from the Headmaster's Secretary, Abbotsholme, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffordshire.

ST. Felix School, Southwold, Suffolk. Scholarships and Exhibitions for entrance in 1950 will be awarded in the Spring Term. Candidates should be under 14½ yrs. of age on March 1, 1950. Scholarships to the value of £100 a year may be awarded. Partics. of examination may be obtained by applic. to the Headmistress not later than Jan. 15, 1950.

In two darning needles lay...*words*

TELEGRAPHIC communication became possible in 1837, but at first messages could be sent only by Morse code. A Welshman, David Edward Hughes, a Professor of Music living in the United States, sought to invent an electrical apparatus that would transmit typed messages. One evening in 1855 he borrowed two darning needles from an old lady and began to use them as vibrators . . . Thus was born the telegraphic type-printer — the forerunner of the modern teleprinter.

The inventive spirit of Hughes is still alive in Britain today. The electricity industry, for instance, is continually developing new appliances which increase the output of our factories and farms and make life easier in the home. On the electricity supply side, too, marvels are being done to overcome the post-war power shortage. Already electricity may be used freely at all times except at peak hours. Soon the nation will be able to enjoy even greater benefits from the new electrical age.

The Electrical Development Association explores and advises on methods by which work on farms can be made easier by the application of electricity. Consult your Electricity Service Centre, write to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.